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Ε ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΣ.

CIMENS

OF

RIC POETRY:

WITH

N INTO ENGLISH.

IS PREFIXED

ATISE ON MUSIC.

LEOPOLD JOSS.

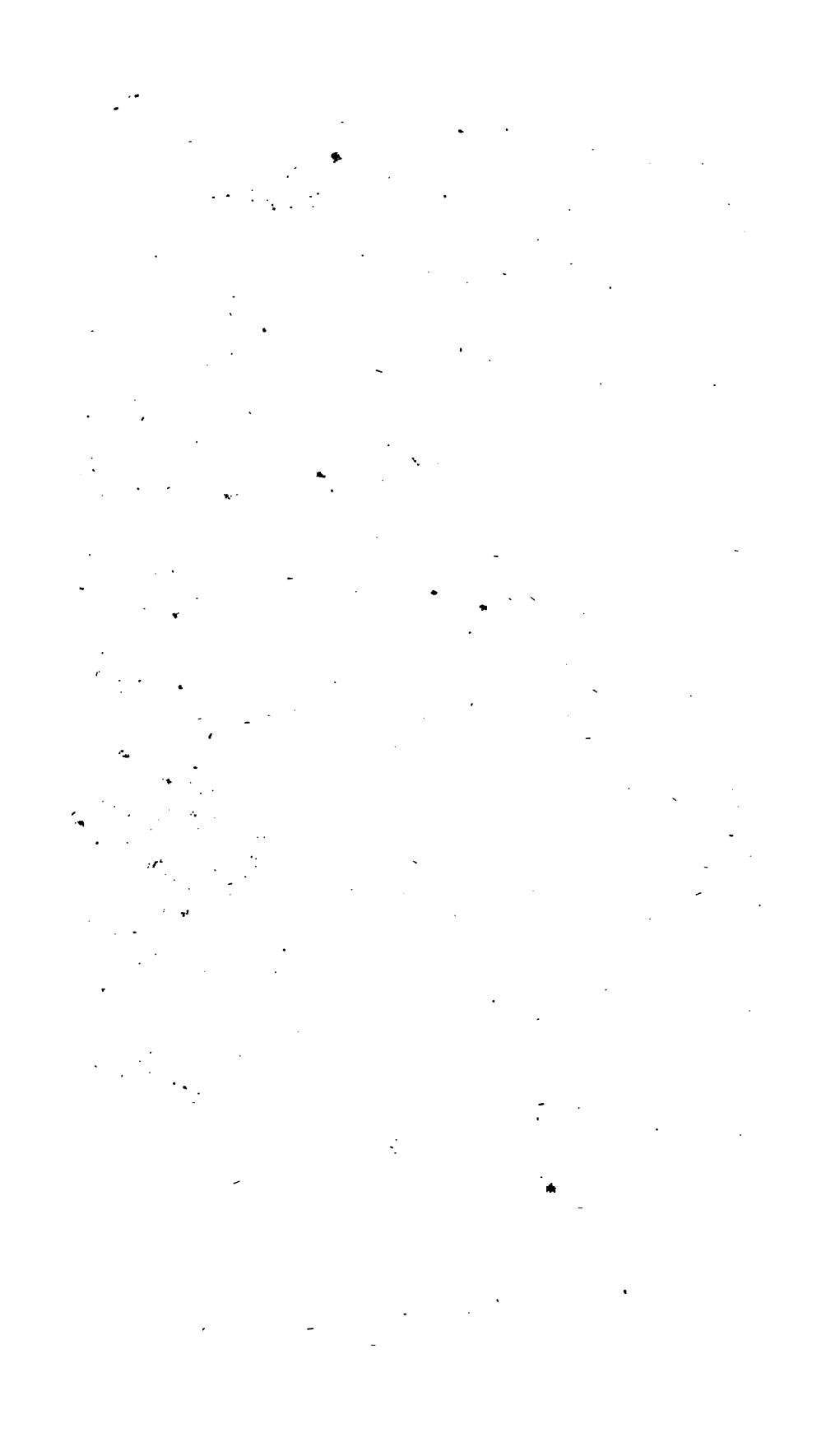
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of slavish brains,
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arly sticks at words."

SIR JOHN DENHAM.



ARD GLYNN,

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1. 11. 1826
ΠΑΡΑΔΕΙΓΜΑΤΑ

ΡΩΜΑΪΚΗΣ ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΣ.

SPECIMENS

OF

ROMAIC LYRIC POETRY:

WITH

A TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A CONCISE TREATISE ON MUSIC.

By PAUL MARIA LEOPOLD JOSS.

"That servile part, thou nobly do'st decline,
Of tracing word by word and line by line,
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry but pains.
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words."



SIR JOHN DENHAM.

LONDON:

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1826.

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
FREDERICK, EARL OF GUILFORD,
BARON GUILFORD,
KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL
AND ST. GEORGE,
HIGH STEWARD OF BANBURY,
FIRST CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE IONIAN
ISLANDS, D.C.L., F.R.S., ETC., ETC., ETC.

THE FOLLOWING
SPECIMENS OF ROMAIC POETRY, &c.

ARE WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION

MOST HUMBL Y INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E :

CONTAINING

OBSERVATIONS ON MUSIC.

—◆—

THE eyes of Europe are turned upon Greece;—Greece, unnoticed for centuries, has fixed at present the attention of the civilized world; and, venerable even in her most abject state, cannot but fill the minds of a philosophic observer with melancholy reflections. What will be *our* fate if such has been *hers*?

“Stat sua cuique dies.”—*Virgil*.

In all languages poetry has preceded prose. Homer in Greece, Dante in Italy, and Spenser in England, may be alleged in support of the above observation: and we may venture therefore to assert, that no person can obtain a perfect knowledge of the modern Greek, now forming itself into a *regular* language, without perusing the Romaic poetry, which as yet consists principally of national Songs. As the Greeks generally accompany their dances with singing, the greatest part of their songs are adapted to dancing. We trust, therefore, that a collection of them, exhibiting the *actual* state of Grecian poetry, music, and dancing, cannot but prove interesting to the public at large.

The national and popular Songs of the Greeks are of three distinct classes: they are either Anacreontic, Patriotic, or Kleftic (that is Brigand), songs.

The Anacreontic songs are written in a language rivaling its parent for strength of expression and sweetness of sound, and have occasional bursts of such an infantile *naïveté*, that it is not possible to withhold a smile on contrasting them with our manners and mode of thinking: while the Patriotic songs, which since the commencement of the struggle of the Greeks for independence have appeared amongst them, and which have been partly composed in Riga's time, the period of the first revolution, partake so much of the heroic fire of their ancestors, and have so strong a tincture of religious enthusiasm and national feeling, that we are persuaded no apology will be required for offering a collection of both to the public. If the wrath of Achilles warmed the imagination of Homer, Homer's rhapsodies may have inspired many an Achilles. The Kleftic or Brigand Songs are entirely original, of a national growth, and therefore require some explanation.

In various parts of Greece lives a race of men known under the name of Kleftis (robbers), who have always maintained their independence; and have never been entirely conquered by the Turks.

Mr. Korai speaks of them in the following terms:

Far from justifying their robberies, I pity those who are the cause of them; but I must do the Kleftis justice to say, that they certainly would not think of molesting others, and using those violent means which sully the fame of their valour, were they not in continual danger of losing what they prefer to life itself—their freedom.”—The reader may therefore judge what he has to expect from Kleftic poetry.

What has been said of the great effect produced by the popular songs of Switzerland,—which *must* be the case with all national poetry and music,—holds equally good in this instance. Whoever has had an opportunity of hearing these pathetic songs performed by Greeks in the presence of Greeks, and of observing the enthusiasm each single note excites, will I am convinced no longer doubt what is reported to have been effected by the war-songs of Tyrtæus, or the chorus of the Eumenides on the Athenian stage. We read in the Classics, with a degree of astonishment often verging on scepticism, of the wonderful effect produced by music among the ancients: and since Pothymnia has lost her magic power amongst us, we are naturally disposed to consider their account as the pleasing fictions of the poets; or if we admit them to be true, we must confess that their music, of which we have no remains, must have far surpassed every modern production. On the other hand, when we consider our many powerful auxiliaries in music which were unknown to the ancients,—such as the superiority of our instruments; our advanced knowledge in mathematics, and consequently in the science of harmony; our more perfect mode of perpetuating our musical ideas, an invention of no remoter date than the eleventh century,—we are led to suppose that the superiority in music must lie on the side of the moderns. Simplicity was the characteristic of ancient music. Plato in his Republic directs that *every one* should be instructed in music. In ancient Greece not only the poets, but even the hoary sage, the hardy warrior, and the busy statesman were excellent musical performers; which is a striking evidence of

the simplicity of ancient music; since in our times it requires the whole life of an individual to arrive at any moderate degree of perfection in that art. The nature and size of the ancient stage will furnish additional strength to the above axiom.

The ancients treated every thing in the fine arts on a grand scale. All they exhibited in architecture, statuary, music, and even their tragedies, were (if I may be allowed the use of such an expression) *fresco* paintings, leaving it to us to excel in miniatures.

We have no remains of the ancient music; but as the liturgy of the Catholic church was regulated by St. Gregory in the seventh century, at a period when the ancient public theatres were still open, it might be expected (although the taste in the fine arts was then already verging on barbarism) that the old church music would give us *some* idea of music in general amongst the ancients.

There exists only one obstacle to the experiment: that is, it may be apprehended that our vocal performers could not accomplish the execution.

The singers among the ancients were obliged, both from the size and nature of the ancient stage, and from the simplicity of their music, to acquire a clear and strong voice, and to study principally the art of swelling and decreasing it.

The great aim of *our* vocal performers is to obtain a velocity or pliability of voice, which indeed astonishes, but leaves us cold unimpassioned admirers.

The following very simple reason will account for this want of effect. Any performance in which a pliability of voice

is principally required, presupposes a series of notes following each other in *quick* succession. But as the greatest part of musical expression depends on swelling and decreasing the voice, and on uniting and melting imperceptibly one note into another, expression diminishes as velocity increases.

The singers in the Pope's chapel at Rome are strictly bound to refrain from all modern ornaments, and to approximate their performance to the principles of the old school.

The connoisseurs who have heard the *Miserere of Palestrina* performed at Rome (but at Rome only), cease not to speak of its great effect. See only with what raptures the classical Madame de Stael remembers the performance.

Phænomena of so singular a nature have led me into a train of ideas on the subject of music, a field on which criticism has not thrown as yet a sufficient philosophical light.

I shall submit to my readers some speculative ideas on music in general, which may serve as materials for future investigation.

The great aim both of poetry and music is to excite our passions: but the former can only speak to the heart, through the medium of the head; for we must first understand what the poet says, ere we can feel with him. Hence it is the interest of the poet, instead of speaking in the abstract, or making use of vague expressions, to personify and individualize as much as possible, in order to bring the various divergent rays of the particular passion he wishes to excite into one focus, and to fix them on one circumstance or individual.

On the contrary, music in its purity speaks directly to the heart, without the medium of language, and excites in us general passions; or (if I may be allowed so to express myself), a feeling in the abstract, which is not fixed on any individual, or limited by given circumstances.

On hearing a beautiful Sonata, we feel our passions roused according to its tenour; that is, we perceive in ourselves a general capability or disposition to feel, without being under the necessity of applying it to any circumstance or person; or (to speak in the terms of the schools) we have then the *form* of our feeling without the *matter*.

Music when accompanying poetry excites in us a feeling of a double nature. While the former grants the particular passion, it excites all possible latitude, and allows us to soar over the boundless space of *undefined* feeling;—the latter, by connecting the same with some particular circumstance or object, concentrates our passions, and draws us gently back to our terrestrial globe.

Our passion is then generalized and individualized at the same time; and this dubious state, the twilight of the mind, is the source of the inexpressible delight we feel on such occasions. It was singing, or the combined power of poetry and music, which produced those wonderful effects we read of in antiquity.

The human mind is not capable of giving itself up for any length of time to any feeling whatsoever, taken in its most abstract sense. Our nature is such, that we cannot feel long without thinking; that is to say, we cannot long support any

feeling without uniting it with some correspondent thoughts, and without reflecting on the effect it produces upon us.

Whoever listens to a beautiful piece of *instrumental* music, which excites our passions in the abstract, will observe, that he is not capable of supporting for any period the feeling reoused in him, without at the time connecting the same with some particular circumstance or correspondent idea.

From the above observations we may draw the following conclusions. It is in the very nature of music to generalize our passions: hence every thing ought to be avoided which can possibly tend to fix our feelings on any particular object.

Descriptive music therefore, such as battles, &c.—a fault into which even the great Haydn has been sometimes betrayed,—may be placed in a parallel with didactic poetry. They are both *destitute* of the essentials of the art. In vocal music, where the generalizing effect is already counterbalanced by the poetry, both melody and harmony ought to be of the most simple nature; for all complication requires an effort of the mind, and that effort destroys feeling. Instrumental music which expands our passions is of so vague a nature, that something is required to compensate this disadvantage. Complication both of harmony and melody find *here* their proper sphere.

Vocal music *alone* can become popular. In songs, both the feelings and the thoughts are excited; nothing remains optional with us, and we have nothing to do but to give ourselves passively up in order to enjoy them. For the very same reason it will be easily perceived that instrumental music can never become popular to the same degree.

It requires knowledge to understand and to relish a complication of sounds : and although instrumental music in its effect leaves us no option with regard to feeling, yet we are invariably obliged to use an exertion of the mind, in order to connect with it some reflections or correspondent ideas ; and we know that thinking is too great an effort for mankind generally..

A song is simple, when the execution of it does not require a greater extent of voice than an octave and a half ; when the melody or the succession of sound consists of short distances of the gamut ; and lastly, when it neither contains violent changes of keys nor metre.

That these rules admit of exceptions on extraordinary occasions cannot be denied. Whoever, for instance, has heard Haydn's *Creation*, will admire the abrupt and violent change of keys in that beautiful passage which so forcibly marks the sudden change from darkness to light.

Language precedes grammar, and poetry criticism. We have music ; we feel its effect ; but between cause and effect there remains a something which has hitherto baffled all inquiry.

We feel that a song written in 4* is majestic, in 2* gay, in 2b soft, in 4b melancholy, and so on ; though the character of some keys seems to me not to be as yet ascertained, but of a dubious nature. Nobody, however, has as yet explained why a change of keys produces a change of passion. I cannot but condemn on this occasion the silly practice of transposing music from one key into another, merely for the convenience of the performers, at the expense of common sense and musical ef-

fect. Every one must be shocked to hear a love-song, written originally in 3b, performed in 2*.

Another great point which remains still to be investigated, is an analysis of the effect produced by the different intervals of the gamut. This would be a study of the greatest consequence, and might be cultivated by a critical observation on the inflection of the human voice and its various modifications, such as are prompted by nature at the moment we are agitated by our different passions :

“Difficile est proprie communia dicere.”—*Horace*.

The use of the correct inflection of voice in the common intercourse of life is exceedingly difficult. An accurate study of recitative, which is certainly one of the most difficult forms of composition, appears to me the best method of investigating the subject.

We have abandoned the recitative in our operas, from the mistaken idea that it is not natural to adapt singing to commonplace expressions, such as “Bring me a glass of water,” “Shut the door,” &c. But the following observations will easily show how erroneous such a notion is. In an opera where the recitative is used, we have only *once* to suppose that we are in a world where people never speak but always sing, and every thing then will appear quite natural. But in operas where singing and speaking are alternately employed, the mind is obliged to use a continual effort, (as there is no reason assigned why people speak one instant and sing the next,) in transporting itself *repeatedly* from the real world into an

ideal one,—an exertion which is evidently pernicious to the effect both of music and poetry. In our operas we are frequently obliged for fifteen or twenty times in one evening to believe and to disbelieve the very same thing. Nothing but habit induces us to put up with such an incongruity.

The recitative may be traced at least as far back as the Grecian stage. Aristotle divides music into *μουσικὴν ψυλὴν*, καὶ κατὰ μελωδίαν.

The former was used as a simple *Cantilena*, with which, on the Grecian stage, the iambic verse was recited, accompanied by a single pipe, for the mere object of distinguishing the metre, which precisely corresponds with our recitative,—at least with what it ought to be.

The latter, *μουσικὴ κατὰ μελωδίαν* was made use of in the strophe, antistrophe and epode, answering to our airs.

Gluck, Mozart, and Spontini (in his opera called “la Vestale”) have sufficiently proved the effect of a well-managed recitative. Ere I take leave of the present subject, I beg to introduce to my readers a composer, who seems to be very little known out of Germany. Mr. Weigel has shown most admirably in his operas “The Family of Switzerland” and “The Orphan Hospital,” what can be effected by the most simple music.

Now a few words on the following sheets.

As they contain a collection of the Romaic popular songs, I have not attempted to make any orthographical or grammatical corrections in the original text, but offer it to my readers such as I found it.

Thus for instance, the burden of the third Patriotic Song is *ζήτω ἡ ἐλευθερία* instead of *ζήτω τὴν ἐλευθερίαν*, an error not unusual amongst the Greeks; for it has been elsewhere observed that the use of the nominative in lieu of the accusative is quite an habitual mistake amongst the inhabitants of Smyrna.

No. II. of the Amatory Songs has been partly translated by Lord Byron, and is to be found in his minor poems, beginning with the words:

"Ah love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt," &c.

The Greeks pretend the dance named *Thesairo* to be the genuine dance of Theseus. Without entering into a discussion on so delicate a point, or on the nature of Greek dances in general (reserving them as a subject of future investigation), I beg to transcribe the following passage from Langhorne's *Plutarch*.

"Theseus in his return from Crete put in at Delos, and having sacrificed to Apollo and dedicated a statue of Venus which he received from Ariadne, joined with the young men in a dance which the Delians are said to practise at this day. It consists in an imitation of the mazes and outlets of the labyrinth, and with various involutions and evolutions is performed in regular time. This kind of dance, as Dicaearchus informs us, is called by the Delians the Crane. He danced it round the altar *Keraton*, which was built entirely of the left-side horns of beasts. He is also said to have instituted games

in Delos, when he began the custom of giving a palm to the victors."—*The Life of Theseus*.

"Callimachus informs us, the Crane was a circular dance, and probably called so because cranes commonly fly in the figure of a circle. Before the time of Theseus, Eustathius says, men and women always danced in separate parties; and this prince first united the separate parties in that amusement, upon rescuing his young companions from the labyrinth."—*Comm. on Il.* xviii.

"This dance after a lapse of three thousand years still exists in Greece under the name of 'the Candiot.'"

See an account of it in M. Guy's *Hist. Lit. de la Grèce*, let. xiii. And a plate in Leroy, *Ruines de plus beaux Monumens de la Grèce*.

Note.—The author has been obliged to omit some specimens of music, which he had intended to publish in this collection, on account of the additional expense of printing them.

ΤΡΑΓΟΥΔΙΑ 'ΕΡΩΤΙΚΑ'.

AMATORY SONGS.

ΠΑΡΑΔΕΙΓΜΑΤΑ
ῬΩΜΑΪΚΗΣ ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΣ.

ΤΡΑΓΟΥΔΙΑ ἙΡΩΤΙΚΑ΄.

Α΄.

ἈΓΑ΄ΠΑ με ὅταν σ' ἀγαπῶ,
Θέλε με ὅταν σὲ θέλω,
Γιατ' ἔχει ν' ἄλθη ἕνας καιρὸς
Νὰ θεῖς, καὶ νὰ μὴ θέλω.

Ἀγάπα με γιὰ τὸν θεὸ,
Κάμε γιὰ τὴν ψυχὴ σου,
Καὶ μὴν μ' ἀφήσης νὰ χαθῶ
Κί' εἰν' ἐντροπὴ δική σου.

SPECIMENS
OF
ROMAIC POETRY.

AMATORY SONGS.

I.

WHEN I say Yes, Ah ! say not Nay—
With love requite a lover,
Lest I in turn thy scorn repay,
Ere many a day be over.

O love me, thou ; for Pity's sake
Love's pains to soothe endeavour ;
For if my faithful heart should break,
Thine be the blame for ever.

Ὅϊμὲ καὶ πόσον σ' ἀγαπῶ,
Καὶ δὲν στὸ φανερόνω,
Ἄν σ' ἄλλον ἔχεις τὸν σκοπὸ
Ἐγὼ τότε σκοτόνω.

Ἐμίσεψε καὶ μ' ἄφισε,
Μ' ἓνα γιαλὶ φαρμάκι,
Νὰ γεύωμαι καὶ νὰ δειπνῶ
Ὡστε νὰ πᾶ καὶ ν' ἄλθῃ.

Ἐσὺ τὸ ξεύρεις μάτια μου
Πῶς σέ μόν' ἀγαπάω,
Κι' ἄλλον θεὸν ὥσαν ἐσὲ
Ἐγὼ δὲν προσκυνᾶω.

Κι' ἂν θέλῃς νὰ μὴν μ' ἀγαπᾷς
Πέσο τῶν ὀμματιῶν σου,
Νὰ μὴν μὲ σαῖτεύουνε
Ὅταν περνῶ ἀπ' ἐμπρός σου.

The heart is warm, and words are cold,
Love pines with secret anguish,
By heaven he dies !—the rival bold
Who dares for thee to languish.

Woe's me ! thou goest and I remain,
Remain a prey to sorrow ;
Love's poison'd cup though now I drain,
Yet Love may smile tomorrow.

My sweetest soul, whom I adore,
Think not Love's lays are idle ;
On high I'll seek My heaven no more,
Thou art my heaven, my idol !

Can I not melt that ice-cold heart,
With my warm tears and sighs ?
Then cease to yield Love's piercing dart,
Nor kill me with thine eyes.

Β'.

ΑΓΑΨΗ δὲν ἐτάθη
Ποτὲ χωρὶς καὶ μόνος,
Μὲ βάσσανα μὲ πάθη,
Καὶ μ' ἀνασυναγμῶνος.

Βραδιάζει, ξημερώνει,
Δὲν εἶναι βολετὸ
Νὰ μὴν ἀνασενάξω
Καὶ νὰ μὴν πικραθῶ.

Γνωρίζω ὅτι εἶμαι
Κοντὰ γιὰ νὰ χαθῶ,
Φίλον πιστὸν δὲν ἔχω
Τὸν πόνον μου νὰ εἰπῶ.

Δὲν τ' ὀλπιζα νὰ εἶναι
Τόσον φαρμακερὰ
Τοῦ ἔρωτος τὰ πάθη
Καὶ τόσον θλιβερά.

II.

ALAS ! where is the lover
Who loves without a sigh ?
Tears anguish will discover,
And dim the languid eye.

Behold the stars of heaven ;
Whilst even wretches sleep,
My heart by grief is riven,
My weary eyelids weep.

Conscious that love dissolves
My spirit's mortal ties,
To none my grief devolves,
No friend beneath the skies !

Defying in my madness
The shafts of Cupid's bow,
I sigh in tears of sadness,
I feel their magic now.

Ἐλεύθερα πουλάκια
 Μὴ μῆπτε 'ς τὸ κλουβί,
 Ὅς τοῦ ἔρωτος τὰ δίχτια
 Κ' εἰς τὴν ἐπιβουλή.

Ζητεῖ γιὰ ν' ἀφανίζῃ
 Νὰ καίῃ ταῖς καρδιαῖς,
 Ὅς ἔρωτας ὁ ψεύτης
 Μὲ ταῖς ἐπιβουλαῖς.

Ἦμουν ἓνα πουλάκι
 Χωρὶς συλλογισμοὺς,
 Σὲ ζεύκια μαθημένο
 Καὶ ὅχι σὲ καῦμούς.

Θαῤῥόντας ν' ἀπολαύσω
 Καλλίτερην χαρὰ
 Ἐμπερδεύθηκα 'ς τὰ πάθη
 Καὶ κλαίγω θλιβερά.

Ὅς ἀνθρώπου εἶμαι
 Καὶ μὴ μὲ τυραννεῖς,
 Γιατὶ θὰ ἔρθ' ἡ ὥρα
 Νὰ μὲ ἐνθυμηθῇς.

Expand thy airy pinion,
Of love's gilt cage beware ;
Fly distant, feather'd minion,
Nor tempt the pleasing snare.

For love is but beguiling
Thy true and simple heart,
The truant, blandly smiling,
On thee essays his art.

Gay moments free from sorrow
I pass'd, a careless boy,
Ne'er thinking on the morrow,
If but today gave joy.

Hoping for sweet caresses,
I ventured in love's sphere,
Grief now my heart oppresses,—
My only joy's a tear.

I'm cradled on love's billow,
Oh, tyrannize me not !
Sleepless on thy lone pillow,
Thou 'lt yet lament thy lot.

Καῦμόν μεγάλον ἔχω
Τινὸς νὰ τὸν εἰπῶ;
Ποῦ μ' ἔχουν πληγομένον
Δυνὼ μάτια π' ἀγαπῶ.

Λοιπὸν ἐγὼ θαρρόυσα
Πῶς ἔχω νὰ χαρῶ,
Καὶ τώρα τὶ θὰ γένω
Θαυμάζω κι' ἀπορῶ.

Μέσα 'ς τὰ δάση φῶς μου
Ἀσπλαγχνα νὰ χαθῶ
Γιὰ τ' ὄνομά σου μόνον
Ἐκεῖ νὰ θυσιασθῶ.

Νύχτα καὶ ἡμέρα φῶς μου
Ἐσένα λαχταρῶ,
Ἀπὸ τὸν νοῦν μου βγαίνω
Ὡρα, νὰ μὴ σὲ ἰδῶ.

Ξεχωρισμὸν ἀγάπης
Ἐρωτικὸ πουλὶ,
Δὲν τ' ὀλπίζα σὲ σένα
Νὰ ἰδῶ μεταβολή.

•

Keen is my bosom's anguish :—
To whom my tale impart?
For two bright eyes I languish,
Which struck me to the heart.

Long doting on my ruin,
And sueing bliss from thee,
I am myself undoing,—
What will become of me?

'Midst woodland wilds some morning
Thou'lt hear thy lover dies,
Then know, 'tis to thy scorning
He falls a sacrifice.

Nay there is rapture in it,
Thy form alone to see!
If but for one brief minute,—
I live not, but in thee.

O'er meadows birds are ranging,
Flowers deck the gay parterre,
But oh! to see thee changing,
It grieves,—a thing so fair!

Ὅλος ὁ κόσμος μ' ἔχει
Τέλεια γιὰ τρελὸν,
Καὶ ὅλοι μ' ὀνομάζουν
Μὲ λέγουν πελελόν.

Πέρδικα 'ποῦ ἔσαι φῶς μου,
Ἄφες με νὰ σὲ ἰδῶ,
Μὴν κρύβεσαι σ' τὰ δάση
Γιὰ νὰ σὲ κυνηγῶ.

Ῥόδ' εἶσαι πλουμισμένη
Καὶ θάνατον θᾶ ἰδῆς
Ἐλεμοσύνη κάμε
Καὶ μὴ μὲ τυραννεῖς.

Σαῖτεμένον μ' ἔχεις
Πληγιαῖς δὲν φαίνονται,
Ἰατρὸς καὶ δὲν εὐρέθη
Νὰ εἰπῇ: ἰατρεύονται.

Τὰ μάτια σου μοῦ δείχνουν
Νὰ λάβω ὑπομονή
Ἄλλ' ἐγὼ δὲν τοὺς πιτεύω
Γιατὶ εἶσαι δολορή.

Plunged 'midst a gloom of sadness,
My passion nought can cool ;
The world must call it madness,
And me a doting fool.

Quit thy retreat,—thy lover
With sight of thee be blest,
My Partridge ! [A] else a rover,
I'll seek thy hallow'd nest.

Rosebud ! though now so pretty,
Death is each beauty's lot ;
My charmer show some pity,
Oh ! tyrannize me not.

Such wounds beyond discerning,
Thine eye darts through the veil,
No sage's art or learning
Such wounds could ever heal.

Thine eyes make sweet professions,
And soothe with hope my heart ;
Yet doubt I those confessions,
False smiling child of art !

Ἕκούω ἀνάμεσόν μου
Πῶς δὲν ἔμπορῶ νὰ ζῶ,
Πῶς βρίσκομαι σ' τὸν κόσμον
Γιὰ νὰ τυρανισθῶ.

Φῶς μου παρηγοριά μου
Λυπήσου καὶ ἐμέ,
Ἄλλὰ γιὰ πάντα ρόδα
Μὴν ἀπελπίζης με.

Χαϊμένος εἶμαι, πάγω
Νὰ σώσω τὴν ζωὴν
Ζωὴν ἀπελπισμένην
Καὶ καθαρὰν ψυχὴν.

Ψυχὴ μου ἀγαπημένη
Μὴν ἀπελπίζης με
Ὅτ' ὁ κόσμος εἶναι ρόδα
Καὶ θέλει σμίξομαι.

Ὠραία μου σ' ὀρκίζω
Σ' ὅλην μου τὴν ζωὴν,
Νὰ μὴν σ' ἀπαραιτήσω
Μὰ ν' εἴμαστε μαζί.

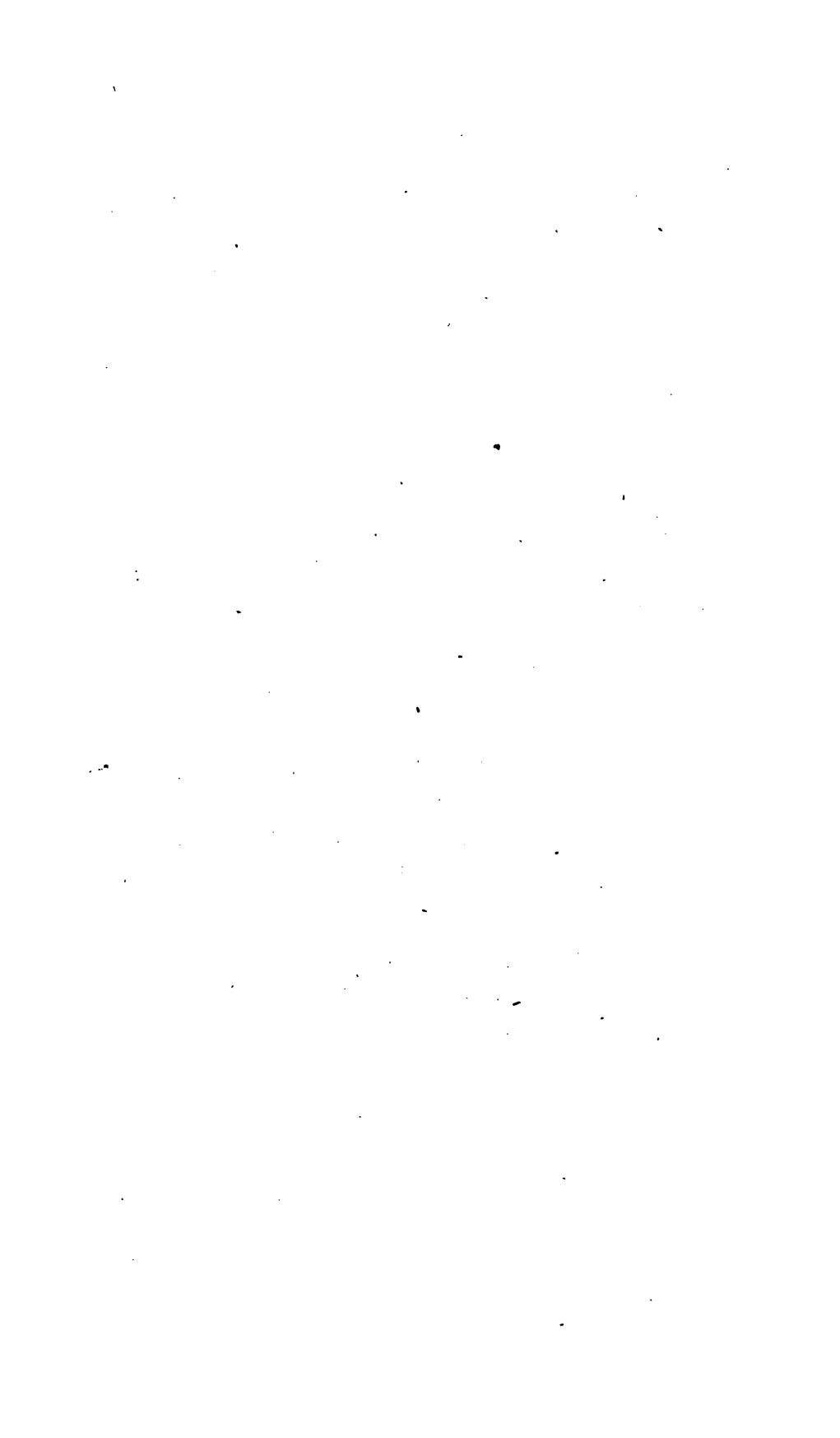
Undone by thee, fair scoffer,—
 (A voice speaks in my breast,)
Thou soon shalt cease to suffer,
Thy heart shall be at rest.

Veil not thy face with rigour,
 Smile on a lover's trance;
And through that cruel visor
Beam forth a hopeful glance.

Woe's me! my sweetest treasure,
 With life I soon shall part;
Death wrests from me no pleasure,—
From thee, a faithful heart.

Youth's joyful dreams were driven,
 Away at thy rebuke;
On earth I sought my heaven,—
The sunshine of thy look.

Zeal still thy form shall cherish,
 My love shall time defy;
I'll follow thee or perish,
With thee I live or die.



ΤΡΑΓΟΥΔΙΑ ΚΛΕΨΤΙΚΑ.

BRIGAND SONGS.

ΤΡΑΓΟΥΔΙΑ ΚΛΕΨΤΙΚΑ.



ΤΟΥ ΚΩΣΤΑ.

“ ΜΙΑ' κόρη ἐκανχήθηκε,
“ Τὸν Χάρον δὲν φοβᾶται,
“ Γιάτ' ἔχει ἐννέα ἀδελφούς,
“ Τὸν Κωσαντίνο γιὰ ἄνδρα,
“ Πόχει τὰ σπητια τὰ πολλὰ,
“ Τὰ τέσσαρα παλάτια.”
Κί' ὁ Χάρος ἔγινε πουλί,
Σὰν μαῦρο χελιδόνι,
Κί' ἐπῆγε κί' ἐσαΐτεψε,
Τὴν κόρ' ἀρβωνιασμένη.
Κί' ἡ μάννα τις τὴν ἔκλαιε,
Καὶ ἡ μάννα τις τὴν κλαίει.

BRIGAND SONGS.



KOSTA.

" I FEAR thee not, pale Charon,
" Hear, maid, the vaunting word !
" I have nine valiant brothers—

" Is Kosta not my lord?
" He has four stately houses,
" And many a homely hearth."

In shape a black-plumed swallow
Charon ascends on earth,
Launches his deadly arrow,
The bride for ever sleeps.
Then wept the loving mother,
The tender mother weeps.

“Χάρε κακὸ ποῦ μούκαμεθ,
 “Στὴν μίαν μου θυγατέρα
 “Στὴν μίαν μου καὶ μοναχὴν,
 “Καὶ τὴν καλὴν μου κόρη.”
 Μὰ νὰ καὶ ὁ Κώστας πρόβαλεν,
 Ἐπὶ ψυλὰ λαγκάδα,
 Μὲ τετρακόσιους νοματοὺς,
 Μ’ ἐξῆντα δυὸ παιγνίδια.
 “Ζώνεται τώρα τὴν χαρὰ,
 “Ζώνεται τὰ παιγνίδια.”
 Κι’ ἕνας ταυρὸς ἐπρόβαλε,
 Ἐπὶ τίς πεδεράς τὴν πόρταν.
 “Ἡ πεθερὰ μ’ ἀπέθανε,
 “Ἡ πεθερὸς μ’ πεθάνει
 “Κάνεις ἀπ’ τοὺς κουνιάτους μου
 “Θὰ νῆναι λαβωμένος.”
 Κλοτζιὰ βαρεῖ τοῦ μαύρουτον,
 Ἐπὶ τὴν ἐγκλεσιὰ πηγαίνει,
 Βρίσκει τὸν πρωτονμάτορι,
 Ποῦ φτιάγει τὸ μνημοῦρι.
 “Τιέ μου νὰ ζῇς, βρε μάτορι,
 “Γιὰ ποῖον νὰ τὸ μνημοῦρι ;”
 “Εἶναι τῆς κόρης, τῆς ξανθῆς,
 “Ξανθῆς καὶ μαυρομμάτας,

- “ Thou hast betray’d me, Charon,
“ Betray’d my darling child,
“ My only one, my daughter,
“ My love,—so sweet, so mild.”
From yonder hill who ’s coming?
’Tis Kosta comes to woo;
With him four hundred horsemen,
And minstrels sixty-two.
- “ Now strike your lyre, minstrel,
“ With festal joy let ’s glow.”
What means before the portal
That Cross—the sign of woe?—
- “ Expired my bridal mother,
“ Expired my bridal lord,
“ Or is my bridal brother
“ Fallen by gun or sword?”
Towards the church he hasten’d,
His steed the spur he gave,
And there he found the spadesmen
Unearthing a cold grave.
- “ Long may’st thou live! Say, delver,
“ For whom this grave,—who died?”
“ For her, the plighted virgin,
“ Of flaxen hair, black-eyed;

“Πῶχει τοὺς νέα ἀδελφούς,
“Τὸν Κωταντίνο γιὰ ἄνδρα,
“Πῶχει τὰ σπήτια τὰ πολλὰ,
“Τὰ τέσσαρα παλάτια.”
“Παρακαλῶσε μάτορε,
“Νὰ φτιάσῃς τὸ μνημοῦρι,
“Ἄίγο μακρὶ, λίγο πλατὶ,
“Ὅσο γιὰ δυὸ νομάτους.”
Χρυσὸ μαχαίρι ἐπέταξε,
Καὶ σφάζει τὴν καρδιάν του,
Τοὺς δυὸ μαζὺ ἐθάψανε,
Μέσα εἰς τὸ μνημοῦρι.

“ For her who has nine brothers,

“ And Kosta for her lord,

“ Who has four stately houses,

“ And many a homely board.”

“ O make, I pray thee, delver,

“ The mansion you prepare,

“ Longer some palm and broader,

“ That two may slumber there.”

He drew a gilded dagger,

The dagger pierced his breast ;—

They are enshrined together,

In the same tomb they rest.

ΜΙΨΜΗΣΙΣ ἘΚ ΤΟΥ ΤΙΡΤΑΪΟΥ.

ΕΨ Πότε ξαπλωμένος; πότε ἀνδρείος θὰ φανεῖτε;
 Τους λοιπούς συναδελφούς σας, νέοι πότε θὰ ντραπήτε;
 Ὁκνηρὸς γιάτ' εἰσθε τόσοι, σὰν νὰ ζούσετε 'ς εἰρήνην;
 Ὅταν ὅλ' ἡ γῆ τὸ αἶμα τῶν Ἑλλήνων καταπίνῃ.

Τὸ σπαθὶ καδεῖς ἅς ζῶσῃ, τὸν ἐχθρόν του ἅς ἀντικρύσῃ,
 ὚του θανάτου του τὴν ὦραν, καὶ 'ς αὐτὴν ἅς πισολίσῃ.
 Δόξα καὶ χαρὰ 'ς ἐκείνον, ποῦ ξεγράφει τὴν ζωὴν του;
 Γιὰ τὴν νιά του τὴν γυναῖκα, γιὰ τὰ τέκνα, γιὰ τὴν
 γῆν του!—

Ὁ καθείς μας ν' ἀποθάνει, τῶχει ἡ μοῖρα του γραμμένον,
 Ἄς πεθάνῃ πλὴν σὰν ἄνδρας μὲ σπαθὶ ξεγυμνωμένον.
 Νὰ γλυτώσωμ' ἀπ' τοῦ Χάρου δὲν εἶν' τρόπος τὸ
 δρεπάνι,

Γιάτ' αὐτὸ καὶ 'ς τὸ παλάτι, καὶ καλύβι ἐξίσου φθάνει.
 Ἀν τὸν κρότον τῶν ἀρμάτων καὶ τὸν πόλεμον ἀφήσῃς,
 Κ' ὅλος ἡσυχος ἂν μείνῃς, τάχ' ἀθάνατος θὰ ζήσῃς;
 Μήτ' ἀγάπην, μήτε σέβας, εἰς τὸν κόσμον θὰ ἐμπνεύσεις,
 Νεκρὸν ἄλλος θὰ σὲ κλαύσουν, ὅλος πλὴν ἂν κυνδυνεύσῃς.

IMITATION FROM TYRTÆUS.

STILL clinging to your couch ? Rise, prove the man,
Prove yourself worthy of your brother-clan :—
Why callous grown, as if in times of peace,
While Terra drinks in draughts the blood of Greece ?
Gird on your scimitar, and meet your foes ;
Hurl death, e'en in the hour of your life's close !
Glory awaits him who devotes his life ;
Glory awaits his children, his young wife.
Since fate ordains " Man be a prey to death,"
Let's sword in hand at least resign our breath !
See Charon :—In his right the scythe of fate,
He bursts alike the hut, the palace-gate.
Think'st thou by fleeing from the camp of gore,
To save thyself from Pluto's sable shore ?
Link'd to no virtue—tearless is thy urn,
It is but o'er the brave the brave shall mourn :
When death, a hero's death, shall close his eyes,
Whom, living, they extoll beyond the skies.

Τὸν ἀτρόμαχτον τὸν ἄνδρα, πονοῦν ὅλος καὶ δαξάζουν,
 Ὅσον πεθάνει, καὶ ἔς τὰ ἀσέρεα ὅσον ζῇ, τὸν ἀνεβάζουν.
 Ὁ καθένας βλεποντάστον, θαρρῆϊ, πύργον βλέπει ὁμ-
 πρὸς του,

Ἄν χιλίους εἰς τὴν μάχην βλέπ᾽, ἀξίζει μοναχός του.
 Τί τιμὴ ἔς τὸ παληκάρι, ὅταν πρῶτο ἔς τὴ φωτιά
 Ἀποθάνῃ γιὰ πατρίδα, μὲ τὸ ξίφος ἔς τὴ δεξιὰ!—
 Πῶς νὰ βλέπ᾽ ἀπ' τοῦ πατρός του νὰ τὸν διώχνουν τῇ
 γοννιᾷ;

Τοὺς ἰδρότας του νὰ τρώγουν; καὶ νὰ ζῇ μὲ διακονίᾳ;
 Μὲ γοννιὸ νὰ παραδέρνη, μὲ γυνναῖκα του τὴν νεά,
 Μὲ γερόντισσά του μάννα, καὶ μ' ἀνήλικα παιδιὰ;
 Κι' ἀπ' τὴν σέρησιν καὶ φτώχϊαν, ὅπου πάγει, ὅπου σαθῇ,
 Νὰ γνωρίζ᾽ ὅτ' εἶναι ἔς ὅλους ἡ θωριάτου μισητή.
 Νὰ ἔντροπιάζῃ τὴν γωνιάτου, νὰ ἔντροπιάζεταιτο αὐτὸς,
 Καὶ ποτὲ νὰ μὴ τοῦ λείπῃ ἀπ' τὰ χεῖλη ὁ σεναγμός.
 Ὅποσον ὁδὴ σὲ τέτοια πάθη, ὁ καθεὶς καταφρονᾷ.

Μήτ' ἀφ' οὗ ἔς τὸν τάφον πέση, τ' ὀνομάτου μελετᾷ.
 Εἰς τὴν μάχην ἅς χυθοῦμεν, ὅλος μ' ἄφοβον καρδίαν,
 Ἄς πεθάνῃ γιὰ τῆς γῆσματος ὁ καθεὶς τὴν ἑλευθερίαν.
 Σ' τὴ φωτιά! μὴ ἔντροπιασθῆτε, σὰν φυγάδες, σὰν
 δειλοὶ!—

Λιονταρόκαρδον τὸ σῆθος καθενός μας, ἅς φανῇ.

He 's foremost in the ranks—fresh hope all feel,
And thousands breathe their last beneath his steel.
What honour with the sword in hand to fall,
The champion of your country's sacred call !
Hard task ! obliged his father-land to quit,
The harvest of his toil—forced to submit
To penury—bear to a foreign state
An exiled self, his sire, his dame, his mate,
His infants, who in homely accents prate :
His converse shunn'd by all—driven by care,
Where'er he lives, to direful despair :
Disgraced himself, his clan;—his agony
The lip reveals, which cannot curb the sigh;
Despised he lives, upbraided by the past :
Entomb'd, to dark oblivion he is cast !
Plunge 'midst the fight, to fear estrange your breast,
Die all, or raise your country's fallen crest !
On Palicaris, on ; a linked band,
The Grecian name no cowardice shall brand !
Let lion's rage flash forth from every eye,
Each bosom meet its foe, and death defy !
Dare you forsake the sick, the old, and flee ?
Their hands are wither'd, reeling is each knee.

Τοὺς ἐχθροὺς σας πολεμάτε, μὴ φοβάτε τὴν ζωὴ!—
 Μὴν ἀφήσετε φευγάτοι, τὰ σεβάσµια γερατειά,
 Πῶχουν ἀχαµνὰ τὰ χέρια, καὶ τὰ γόνατα βαρειά.
 Ἐντροπήσας, ἐντροπήσας, ἀποπίσω νᾶναι ὁ Νιὸς,
 Κί' ὁ ἀδύνατος ὁ γέρος, νὰ πεθαίνη ἐμπροσθινός;
 Πῶχει κάτασπρα τὰ γένηια, πῶχει κάτασπρα μαλὶ,
 Καὶ τὴν ἄφοβην ψυχὴν του εἰς τὰ χώματα νὰ φτῇ.
 Εἰς τὸν νεῖον ἡ μάχη πρέπει, τὸ κορµὶ του ὅσαν ἀνθεῖ,
 Πρὶν τὸ γῆρας τὸ μαράνει, τοὺς κινδύνους νὰ ἔντυθῃ.
 Εἰς τοὺς ἄνδρας, ἔς τὰς γυναῖκες ὅσο ζῇ νᾶι ποθετὸς,
 Καὶ ἔς τὴν μάχ' ἂν πέσῃ πρῶτος, εἰν καὶ τότε ὁμορ-
 φονιός.
 Ἄς ριχθῇ ἔμπροσά' π τὸ γέρο, κί' ἄσειτος ἄς τυλωθῇ,
 Καὶ τὰ χεῖλιατ' ἄς δαγκάσῃ, µὲ τὸ αἷµ' ἄθ χυλιοθῇ.

Shame ! and shall our youth inglorious lurk behind,
While in the van the veteran seeks to find
A welcome waste of life ?—a silvery dye
His beard and tresses wear ; his sparkling eye
Speaks life's contempt, his soul is stern and high.
While youth's fresh flower is blooming, let us brave,
Ere droop'd by age, the perils of the grave.
While life yet smiles, let man, let maid admire, .
And battle-slain, then blaze Fame's beacon-fire.
The feeble shield, their Ægis be your core,
Bite in your lips, and swelter in the gore !

Ὁ ὈΛΥΜΠΟΣ.

Ὁ Ὀλυμπος κί ὁ Κίσσαβος, τὰ δνὸ βουνὰ μαλλόνουν,
 Γυρίζει·τότ' ὁ Ὀλυμπος καὶ λέγει τοῦ. Κισσάβου·
 Μὴ μὲ μαλλόνεις Κίσσαβε, βρὲ τουρκοπατημένε,
 Ἐγὼ μ' ὁ γέρων Ὀλυμπος σ' τὸν κόσμον ξακουσμένος,
 Πόχ' ὅσ' αὐτὰ δνὸ κορφαῖς, καὶ δνὸ χιλιάδες βρύσσαις.
 Κί ἐπάνω σ' τὴν κορφούλα μου, κί ἐπάνω σ' τὴν κορ-
 φή μου

Χρυσὸς αἰτὸς ἐπέταγε, χρυσὸς αἰτὸς ἐπέτα,
 Βασούσε καὶ 'ς τὰ νύχια του κεφάλ' ἀνδρειωμένο
 Κεφάλιμον τὸ τ' ἔκαμες, κ' εἶσαι κριματισμένο;
 Τὸ πῶς ἄχ! ἐκατήντησες 'ς τὰ νύχια τὰ δικάμου;
 Φάγε πουλί, τὰ νεάτα μου, φάγε καὶ τὴν ἀνδριά μου
 Νὰ κάμης πῆχη τὰ φτερά, καὶ πιθαμὴ τὸ νύχι·
 Σ' τὸν Λοῦρο, 'ς τὸ ξερόμερο ἀρματωλὸς ἐσάθην,
 Σ' τὰ χάσια καὶ 'ς τὸν Ὀλυμπον δώδεκα χρόνους κλέ-
 φτης.

Ἐξήντ' Ἀγάδες σκότωσα, κί ἔκανσα τὰ χωριάτων,
 Καὶ ὅσους 'ς τὸν τόπον ἄφησα καὶ Τούρκους καὶ Ἀλ-
 βανίταις

Εἶναι πολλί, πουλάκι μου, καὶ μετρημὸν δὲν ἔχουν
 Πλὴν ἦλθε καὶ ἡ ἀράδα μου, 'ς τὸν πόλεμον νὰ πέσῃ.

OLYMPUS.

Are Kissabos and old Olymp a-jar ?
Olympus wages thus the wordy war :
Say Moslém, trampled slave, what dar'st thou claim ?
I am Olympus old, of wide-spread fame ;
Forty-two crowns I count, and from my side
Pour forth two thousand springs their silver tide ;
High on my rocky brow an eagle bred,
And there his golden wings expanding spread,
Grasping between his claws a warrior's head.
Tell me, thou head, so valiant and so fair,
Why destined thus to be my humble fare ?
(Thus spoke the glutton, feasting in his lair)
Feast on, my young ones, feast on, my age's strength,
Till wings and claws grow yet some palms in length :
On Luro's hill I ran my course of sin,
Twelve years a brigand on Olymp—The din
Of groaning victims moved me ne'er to pity ;
Sixty Agas I kill'd, and fired their city :
Of Albanese I've slain,—who counts their dead ?
Or numbers now each cloven Turkish head ?
The Sister Fates a longer life denied,
My hour was come—in battle's heart I died !

ΠΡΑΓΜΑΤΕΥΤΗ'Σ.

ΠΡΑΓΜΑΤΕΥΤΗ'Σ κατέβαινε ἀπὸ τὰ κοροβούνια,
Σέρνει μουλάρια δώδεκα, καὶ μούλαις δεκαπέντε.

Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Καὶ κλέφταις τὸν ἀπαντήσαν καταμεσῆς τὸν δρόμον,
Καὶ πιάσαν τὰ μουλάρια του γιὰ νὰ τὰ ξεφορτόσουν,
Νὰ ἰδοῦνε μὴ ἔχει σιρμαγὲ κρυμμένον εἰς τὰ σακκιά του.

Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Κί' αὐτὸς τοὺς παρακάλεσε, νὰ μὴ τὸ ξεφορτόνουν,
“Γιὰ μὴ τὰ ξεφορτόνετε τὰ ἔρημα μουλάρια.
“Τὶ σάπηκαν τὰ σῆθια μου, φορτῶντα ξεφορτῶντα!”

Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Καὶ ὁ Καπιτάνος θύμωσε, τέκεται καὶ τοῦ λέγει
“Βρὲ δὲς τοῦ σκύλλου τὸν υἱὸ, τῆς κούρβας τὸ κοπέλι,
“Δὲν κλαίγει τὴ ζωτίζατου, μὸν κλαίγει τὰ μουλάρια.”

Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Βρὲ ποῦ ἔσε παληκάρια μου, φωνάζει ὁ Καπιτάνιος,
Γιὰ βάρτετον μιὰ μαχεριά, ἔς τὸν τόπον ν' ἀπομένῃ.

Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Κί' αὐτοὶ τὸν ἐλυπήθηκαν, ὅτ' ἦτον ἀνδρωμένος,
Καὶ ὁ Καπιτάνιος χώθηκε ἄσαν ἄγριο λεοντάγι

THE TRADER.

Who passes lonely o'er the mountain chain ?
The trading wanderer in quest of gain.

Alas, he wanders lone !

And brigands stop his mules, in midway course,
Ransacking all his merchant-pile, his purse,
In eager search to find the coined gold.

Alas, he wanders lone !

His looks implored what thus his accents told :
" Unburthen not my mules, oh grant us rest !
" My shoulders yet the heavy load attest."

Alas, he wanders lone !

The brigand chieftain then his wrath express'd :
" He begs not life for self, the muleteer,
" The dog ! but kindness to his mules more dear."

Alas, he wanders lone !

Come Palicaris, come (the captain cries) ;
Cleave him, slay him ; pale death shall seal his eyes.

Alas, he wanders lone !

They linger. Pity checks the enterprize :
The cruel chief, enraged with savage pride,

Καὶ βγάλει τὸ μαχαίρι του καὶ ἔς τὰ πλευρὰ τὸν πέρνει.

Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Κί' αὐτὸς βαρεῖα νασέναξεν, κί' ὅσο ἔμπορεῖ φωνόζει :

Ποῦ ἔσαι κύρι μου νὰ μὲ ἰθῆς, μάννα μου νὰ μὲ κλαύσης!

Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Καὶ πόθεν εἶν ἡ μάννα σου, γραφὴ γιὰ νὰ τῆς γράψω ;

Ἐπὶ τὴν Ἄρτα εἶν ἡ μάννα μου, Ἐπὶ τὴν Κρήτην ὁ πατήρ μου,

Κί' εἶχ' ἀδελφὸν προτῆτερον, κί' αὐτὸς ἐξέβγεν κλέφτης.

Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Καὶ ὁ καπιτάνιος τρόμαξεν, ἔς ταῖς ἀγκαλλαῖς τὸν πέρνει

Σταῖς ἀγκολαῖς τὸν ἔπερνε, καὶ ἔστους ἰατροὺς τὸν πιάνει.

Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Ἐσεῖς πολλοὺς ἰατρέψατε σφαγμένους καὶ κομμένους,

Ἰατρέψετε καὶ αὐτὸν τὸν νειὸν, αὐτὸς εἶν ἀδελφός μου.

Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Ἡμεῖς πολλοὺς ἰατρέψαμεν σφαγμένους καὶ κομμένους

Σὰν τῇ δικήσου μαχαιριὰ κανῆναι δὲν ἰατρεύει.

Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Κί' αὐτὸς τὸν παρακάλεσε νὰ πάρῃ τὰ μουλάρια :

Γιὰ πάρε τὰ μουλάρια μας, καὶ σύρτα ἔς τὸν κυρίμας.

Καὶ πῶς νὰ εἰπῶ τὸν κύριον μου καὶ τὴν πικρὴ τὴν μάννα

Τὸν ἀδελφόν μου ἔσφαξα, καὶ ἔπῃρα τὰ μουλάρια.

Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Himself thrusts deep the steel into his side.

Alas, he wanders lone !

Fainting, he cries, gasping his fleeting breath,

" Oh father, mother dear, bewail my death ! "

Alas, he wanders lone !

" Where live thy parents ? say,—we'll send them word."

" From Artá is my dame, from Crète my lord,

" My elder brother sways the brigand sword."

Alas, he wanders lone !

Aghast, the chieftain press'd him to his heart,

Urging the healing sage to prove his art.

Alas, he wanders lone !

" You who have heal'd the wounds of many a knife,"

" He is my younger brother,—save his life."

Alas, he wanders lone !

" True, I have heal'd the wounds of many a knife,

" But wounds like these defy returning life."

Alas, he wanders lone !

Now death-like paleness blanch'd his languid cheek.

" Prepare the mules, our father's dwelling seek,—

" Dare I confess to him, and to my mother,

" I stopp'd the mules, 't was I who kill'd my brother ? "

Alas, he wanders lone !

Ο ΔΗΜΟΣ,

ΠΟΙΗΜΑ ΚΛΕΨΤΙΚΟΝ

ΣΠΥΡΙΔΩΝΟΣ ΤΡΙΚΟΥΠΗ,

ΤΟΥ ΕΚ ΜΕΣΟΛΟΓΓΙΟΥ ΤΗΣ ΑΙΤΩΛΙΑΣ.

Πόσων γλυκῆς ἡ θάνατος ἴσταιν γινῆ τὸ βέλι !
 Τὴν θάνατον ἢ τὸν πόλεμον θείαμεν λίγων ἔλαι.

[Ἡ Σκηνὴ εἰς τὸ Μεσολόγγι.]

Τί νᾶν ὁ ποδοβολιτὸς, τὰ κούφια τὰ Τουφέκια ;
 Τί νᾶναι τὰ κρανγᾶσματα τ' ἀνδρίκεια, τὰ γυναίκεια ;
 Δὲν εἶναι παγγυριώτικα, δὲν πέφτουν 'ς τὸ Σημάδι·
 Ἐνοιούν ἢ κούφιας Τουφεκιαῖς, μοῦ φαίνεται, τὸν Ἄδην.

Αὐτᾶπε τὸ στοχαστικὸν στόμα τοῦ Γερογιάννη,
 Κι εὐθὺς τὸ χέρι 'ς τὸ Σπαθὶ καὶ 'ς ταῖς πισόλαις βάνει.
 Νὰ, παρρησιάζεται 'ς αὐτὸν πλῆθος κατηφιασμένον.
 Ἐπὶ Σανίδος Νιὸν θωρεῖ ἀπ' ὅλους κυκλωμένον.
 Βλέπει πῶς εἶν' ὁ Δῆμος του 'ς τὸ αἷμα του πνιμένον,
 Ζητεῖ νὰ μάθ' ἂν ἦν νεκρὸς ἢ μόνον πληγωμένος.

D E E M O S,

A BRIGAND TALE

BY SPIRIDION TRIKUPI,

OF MISSOLONGI IN ÆTOLIA.

How sweet is death by powder, shot and ball!
The warrior's death we should a triumph call.

[The Scene is at Missolongi.]

"OF steps the sound, of guns the deadly knell,
"Of men or women, whence that piercing yell?
"These hollow guns not on the target play,
"A sacred festal's freak;—no, 'tis a fray;
"They send a foe to Tartarus a prey."

With accents shrewd thus Gerogiani said,
And quick his hands on sword and pistols laid.
Suddenly he descries a mournful crowd,
Who stretch'd upon a bench a youngster shroud,
Wounded or dead, from whence the purple flood,
Now Deemos spies;—drown'd in his ebbing blood,

Ξεσκέπαστ' ἡ Παλάσκα του ἔμπροσθά τ' ἦτον συρμένη,
 Σπαθιοῦ ἡ θήκ' ἀσπάθωτη κείμετο κρεμασμένη,
 Καὶ παλληκάρ' ἀπὸ σιμᾶ, μὲ δακρυσμένον βλέμμα,
 Σπαθὶ βαστοῦσε τ' ὄρφανὸν ἔπ' ἄχνιζεν ἀπ' τὸ αἶμα.
 Ἀκόμ' ἢ πληγαῖς χόχλαζαν, κὶ ἀφράταις φουσκαλίδες
 Τοῦ αἵματος ταῖς στεριναῖς ἐσκέπαζαν ρανίδες.
 Πλὴν ἔς τοῦ θανάτου τὰ φτερὰ τὰ μαῦρα καθισμένη
 Ἔτρεχεν ἡ ψυχὴ νὰ ἔμβῃ, φῶς ὅπου δὲν ἐμβαίνει.
 Μόνον ἐξοῦς ἡ κλέφτικη τόλμη ἔς τὸ πρόσωπόν του
 Ὁ Γερογιάννης γνῶρισε τὸν ἀπορφανισμόν του.
 Δὲν ὀμιλεῖ· τὸ σῶμά του πήγαινε ψηλαφῶντας,
 Ἄν ἐσκοτώθῃ φεύγωντας νὰ μάθ' ἢ κυνηγῶντας.
 Δυὸ βόλια βρίσκει ἔς τὰ μηρία, καὶ δυὸ βαθυὰ ἔς τὰ στήθη,
 Πῶς ἐπληγώθῃ διώχνωντας εὐθὺς παρηγορήθη.
 Ἡ σκυθρωπὴ του φάνηκεν ὕψις γαλῆνοτέρα,
 Ὡσὰν τὸ Τόξ' ἔταν φανῇ σὲ νεφελώδ' αἰθέρα.
 Εἰς τ' ἄπνουν τότε τὸ κορμὶ τοῦ υἱοῦ ὁ πατέρας πέφτει,
 Καὶ κλαίωντάς τον ὡς νεκρὸν, θαυμάζ' ὡς ἄξιον κλέφτη.
 Πάλιν καὶ πάλιν τὸν φιλεῖ, πάλιν ταῖς πληγαῖς πιάνει,
 Καὶ μὲ τὰ χέρι' ἀπ' ταῖς πληγαῖς ζεστὰ τὰ βόλια βγάνει,
 Μὲ χαρᾶς δάκρυα τῶν βολιῶν βρέχει θερμὰ τὰ ἴχνη,
 Καὶ μὲ τὰ χέρια τρέμοντα τὰ βόλια ἔς ὅλους δείχνει.
 Πολλ' ὥραν ἔμειν' ἄφωνος· νὰ διδαχθῇ γυρεύει,
 Ὅτε συνῆλθε, πού, καὶ πῶς ὁ θάνατος συνέβη.

Uncover'd, drawn in front, his cartridge case ;
His sabre's sheath without its blade of blaze :
Nigh him in tears a Pallicari stood,
With sword in hand still sweltering with blood.
The yet fresh reeking wounds still overflow,
They foam, and high the frothy bubbles throw ;
On death's black wings his soul had bent its flight,
Ne'er more the clay to brighten with her light.
Sole on his face the brigand-mind yet shone ;
Well Giani knew that he had lost his son.
Silent he *felt* the dead,—intent on seeing
If he were kill'd pursuing or while fleeing ;
And when in thigh and breast four balls he found,—
How he rejoiced to find in front each wound !
Then clear'd his desolate face a ray, to view
Like on the clouds the arch of heavenly hue.
The sire bent o'er the breathless boy, his bosom,
The dead bewailing, brigand's fairest blossom !
He kiss'd and kiss'd him, touch'd anew the dead,
And drawing from the wounds the reeking lead,
(While burning tears of pleasure bathe the sore,)
He show'd with trembling hands the balls—all gore.
Accents his lips refuse : in silent pride,
At length he questions when and how he died.

Εἶχεν ὁ Δῆμος ψυχουῖον μαζί τ' ἀναθρεμμένον.
 Ἦτον ὁ Νιὸς ποῦ βάσθαζε Σπαθὶ τὸ ἠματωμένον.
 Γεώργος αὐτὸς εἶχ' ὄνομα· ἔς ὅλα τὰ μυστικά του
 Τὸ χέρι τοῦχε βοηθὸν, κρυφῶνα τὴν καρδιά του.
 Τοῦ λέγ' ὁ Γιάννης· Γεώργω μου ἰάθῃσαι καὶ, μολόγα
 Καταλεπτῶς τί ἔγειρε, καὶ σβῦσέ μου τὴν φλόγα.
 Καὶ σεῖς, ὀδικοὶ καὶ φίλοι μου, καθῆσθ' ἀφοκρασθῆτε.
 Ὁ Γεώργος συγκατάνευσε, ἀρχίζει νὰ διηγῆται.
 Τὰ ῥνίθια ἑὰν ἐλάλησαν, σηκώθηκεν ὁ Ὑιὸς σου.
 Γεώργω μου, λέγει, ξύπνησε καὶ τ' ἄρματα σου ζώσουν.
 Ξέρεις, πλαγιάζ' αὐτὸς ἵνδυτὸς, καὶ ἔς τὸ προσκέφαλόν
 του
 Ἔχει ταῖς δυὸ πιστόλαις του, τὴν σπάθαν ἔς τὸ πλε-
 ρόν του.
 Εἰς μίαν στιγμὴν τὰ ἔπερασε, τὸ καπνιστὸν ἔς τὸν ὦμον
 Ἐκρέμασε τουφέκι του, κ' εὐρέθηκε ἔς τὸν δρόμον.
 Ῥίχνομαι τότε τῆς κοσῆς, τὴν χώραν ὅλην σχίζω,
 Ὡς τὴν βρύσιν φθάνω τὴν τρανὴν ἐκεῖ τὸν σταματίζω.
 Γεώργω, μοῦ λέγ', ἡ Φωτεινὴ ἐδῶθε θὰ περάσει·
 Πηγαίνει νὰ λειτουργηθῇ ἔς τὸν Ἅγιον Ἀθανάση.
 Τὸν λόγον δὲν ἀπόσωσε, ἡ Φωτεινὴ διαβαίνει
 Ἀπ' τὴν τροφὸν κὶ ἀνέβγαλταις κόραις συνοδευμένη.
 Ὡς ὅλων τὸ μέσον ἔλαμπε, καθὼς λαμποκοπάει
 Τοῦ ἀνδρειωμένου τὸ σπαθὶ ἔς τὴν μάχ' ὅταν χυμᾷ.

With Deemos grew a foster child,—’tis he
Who nigh him now with naked sword you see,—
Call’d George. He shared his deeds, ne’er lived apart ;
Their secrets’ close recess, his faithful heart.
Giani to him : “ Sit down, my George, proclaim,
“ Detail what happen’d, soothe my bosom’s flame.
“ Ye too, sit down ; listen, my friends and kin,
“ Let George complying now his tale begin.”

“ The sheep with morning bleat, our Deemos woke.
‘ Get up, my George, and gird thy sword,’ he spoke.
The sabre at his side (for arm’d he sleeps),
The pistols pair’d, beneath his head he keeps ;
Which taking in a trice Deemos arose,
Seizing his gilded gun, he quickly goes.
Then the whole town I cross’d with eager feet,
To the great fountain came, and there we met.
‘ My George (he said), here Fótini must pass us,
‘ To go to mass to Santo Athanasius.’
Quick at the word we Fótini descry,
Her nurse and cloister’d maidens passing by.
‘ Midst all she shone : so in the combat’s ire,
Displays the warrior’s sword its sparkling fire.
They reach the church, but quick depart (the dome
Being closed) in search of tender flowers to roam.

Ἐφθασαν εἰς τὴν Ἑκκλησιάν· ἐκεῖ ψυχὴ δὲν ἦτον·
 Ἐβῆκαν ἢ κόραις ἔς τοὺς Ἀγροὺς, ἄνθη ἀπαλὰ ἐζήτων.
 Ἡ Φωτεινὴ ὑπὸ τὴν Ἑλῆαν καθήμενη κυλοῦσε
 Τὸ γοργὸ νᾶμα τ' Αὐλακιοῦ, τὴν ὅψιν της θωροῦσε.
 Νὰ κι ὁ παπᾶς· ἡ θύρ' ἀνεῖ· ὀκτὼ δέκα πετιοῦνται·
 Φώτω, τροφός, κόραις, παπᾶς, ξάφνω περικυκλοῦνται.
 Ἦτον ὁ Γιώτης, τ' ἀκριβὸ παιδὶ τοῦ Κωσταντάρ,α,
 Μ' ἐννιά του συνομίληκας ἀπὸ τὴν ἴδιαν Φάρα.
 Πλαλήματα! γρανγαῖ! σκουσμοὶ! ὁ Δῆμος τ' ἀγροικαίει
 Καθήμενος παράμερα κι ὁλος αὐτολογαίει.
 Γεώργω ... φωνάζει ... ἐπιβουλὴ ... μᾶς ἔφαγαν ...
 ἢ Φώτω ...

Ὁρμησε, κι ἡ ἄρματοσιὰ ἰχολόγησ' ἀπ' τὸν κρότο.
 Ἀφαντος ἔγεινε μὲ μιᾶς ἀπ' τὸν πολὺν τὸν τάχον,
 Σὰν ὅταν πέφτῃ τὸ νερόν· ἔς τὴν λαγκαδιὰ ἀπ' τὸν βράχον.
 Ὁ Γιώτης ἔμπροσθοπάταγε, βάσταγε ἔς τὸνα χέρι
 Σπαθί, μὲ τ' ἄλλο τ' ἔσερνε τοῦ Δήμου μας τὸ τέρι.
 Σκωμέναις εἶχον ταῖς φωτιαῖς τ' ἄλλα του παλληκάρια,
 Πισώπλατ' ἀραδιάσθησαν τοῦ Γιώτ' ἀνὰρί· ἀνὰρία·
 Πατοῦσαν γοργὸ πάτημα ἔς τὰ κλέφτικα Ἀημέρια,
 Χωρὶς ν' ἀπλώσουν ἔς ἄλλην Νιὰν τ' ἀρπαχτικά τους
 χέρια.

Ὁ Δῆμος σὰν ξεκάμπωσε, τὴν προδοσιὰν γνωρίζει,
 Χοῦ! χοῦ! φωνάζει μιὰν φωρὰν· ἔς τὸν ἐχθρὸν χυμίζει,

Beneath an olive tree, Fóto meanwhile,
See! with the cooling stream her hours beguile,
The waves dividing on her image smile.
The priest arrives,—the door unfolds;—strange sound!
Lo! eight or ten rush forth with hostile bound,
And Fóto, priest, and nurse and maids surround.
'Tis Giotis, Kostantara's only heir,
Nine of his age and clan with him appear.
Deemos sat yonder.—Hark! a scream, wild, clear:
He caught the sound with love's prophetic ear.
'George... Fóto... treachery... all's lost!' He bounds,
And at each step his armour's clash resounds;
Escaping quick from out our wondering sight,—
So rolls along the cliff the torrent's might.
In front was Giotis, in his right the brand,
While Deemos' bride he dragg'd with his left hand;
Behind, their firelocks cock'd, prone to the fray,
Marshal'd his followers in long array
March with quick steps, their brigand course pursue,
Inviolate remains the virgin-crew.
Deemos approaching, sees the treachery,
Falls on the cruel foe with madd'ning cry;
Hoping at once to sweep the nine away.
On Giotis runs, with his sword's mighty sway:

Σβάρνα νὰ πάρῃ τοὺς ἐννιά ὅλους μὲ μιᾶς παντέχει,
 Μὲ γυμνωμένον τὸ σπαθὶ ἴσα 'ς τὸν Γιώτην τρέχει·
 Ἀγροίκησαν οἱ 'πισινοὶ πηλαλητοῦ τὸν ἦχον,
 Εἶδον τὸν λιονταρόκαρδον, ποιὸς ἦτον δὲν κατεῖχον·
 Τὸν εἶδε, τὸν ἐγνώρισεν ὁ Γιώτης, δὲν σπαράζει,
 Εἰς τοὺς ἐννιά συντρόφους του βροντόφωνα φωνάζει·
 Νά τος τοῦ Γερογιάννη ὁ υἱός... στέκεσθε καὶ τηρᾶτε;
 Φωτιά! γιατί μᾶς ἔφαγε· φωτιά! τί τὸν φυλᾷτε;
 Ἕνας αὐτὸς καὶ δέκα 'μεῖς· τάχα δὲν εἶν' ἵντροπήμας;
 Τὰ πισιλιά του, τ' ἄρματα νὰ μὴ γενοῦν στολή μας;
 Εἶπε καὶ βροντοκραύγασαν τὰ δέκα τὰ τουφέκια,
 Φυσομανῶντα πέταξαν 'ς τὸν Δῆμον τὰ φυσέκια·
 Ὁ Δῆμος δὲν ἐδείλιασεν, ὥσάν τ' Ἀγρίμι τρέχει,
 Ὅποταν μὲ τὸ αἷμά του τὴν γῆν τὸ βόλι βρέχῃ·
 Δυὸ 'πισινοὺς ἐξάπλωσε μὲ ταῖς βαρναῖς σπαθιαῖς τοῦ·
 Καὶ βλέπωντας πῶς τῶλυσαν τὰ γόνατ' ἢ πληγαῖς τοῦ,
 Στυλῶνεται κατάρριζα σὲ πεῦκον κουφωμένον,
 Ἀρπάζει τὸ τουφέκι του μὲ χέρι 'ματωμένον.
 Ἐκεῖ τὸν ἐκατάφθασα· Μποὺ μποὺ ἡμεῖς!
 ἐκεῖνοι
 Καὶ τὸ τουφέκ' αὐτὸς 'ς τὴν Γῆν, κί αὐτὸν ἡ ψυχ'
 ἀφίνει.

Ὁ Γεῶργος δὲν ἀπόσωσεν, Γέρωντας βαρὺς 'μβαίνει
 Ἀκουμβισμένος σὲ ραβδί, μὲ τὴν σφαγὴν σκυμμένη.

They in the rear now heard of steps the sound,
And saw the lion-hearted stranger bound.
Giotis retreats not,—yet the man he knew,
But calls with thunder-voice upon his crew :
‘ Lo! Gerogiani’s son! Halt! level! fire!—
‘ Our curse, our plague—Fire! on, let’s vent our ire :
‘ We’re ten to one,—eternal shame (he cries)
‘ Should not his arms and vest become our prize!’
He spoke: and thunder-like the ten discharge
Their guns. On Deemos falls the hissing charge.
Undaunted Deemos like a stag now flies,
While with his blood the earth he purple dyes :
They follow him; he with his heavy steel
Kills two; then strength forsook his knees, they reel,
He leans outstretch’d against a hollow trunk,
The gun his hand still grasps, though faint and sunk,—
And thus we met; his hand, lost all controul,
Resigns the gun; to heaven soars his soul.”

George hardly ceased.—See, who approaches, spent,
On staff sustain’d, with hoary head deep bent;
His silver hair the open’d breast displays,
Deep dyed by burning Helio’s scorching rays;
The hairy cloak exposed the inner side,
The shawl upon his shoulders, slow his stride;

Τὸ στῆθος τ' εἶχ' ὀλάνοικτον, μ' ἄσπρα μαλλιά νδυμένον,
 Ἀπὸ τὸ φῶς τὸ φλογερὸν τοῦ Ἥλιου βαθνὰ βαμμένον.
 Ἀνάποδα μὴν μαλλιαρὴν φοροῦσ' αὐτὸς Φλοκάτα,
 Σερβέταν εἰς τοὺς ὤμους του, κί ἀγάλια ἀγαλὶ ἐπάτα.
 Ἐβάσταζεν ἡ μέση του κοντάρι καὶ πιστόλα,
 Κλέφτην παλρὸν τὸν ἔδειχνε τὸ φέρσιμον εἰς ὅλα.
 Δένδρον ἀπ' τὰ γηράματα ὥμοιαζε κουφωμένον,
 Βαθνὰ ποῦ μὲ ταῖς ρίζαις του στὴν γῇ ναι στυλωμένον.
 Ἦτον ὁ Στέριος ὁ Κοντὸς τῆς Φώτως ὁ πατέρας,
 Τρόμαξε τοὺς ἀρματωλοὺς ἔς τὰς ἀνθηράς του ἡμέρας·
 Καλῶς τον τὸν Συμπέθερον, λέγει τ' ὁ Γερογιάννης.
 Τὰ μαθεῖς;—τὰ μαθα—λοιπὸν;—ἔς τοὺς ζῶντας μὴ
 με βάνης.

Μὲ βλέπεις πῶς κατάντησα, πάντα τηρῶ τὸ χῶμα,
 Γερὴν ἀκούω τὴν καρδιάν, κί ἀδύνατον τὸ σῶμα.
 Μερώνυχτ' ἔχω σύντροφους τῶν ἀρρώστιων τοὺς
 πόνους,

Ἄξιο δὲν εἶναι τὸ δεξιὸ χέρι μου πλιὸ γιὰ φόνους.
 Ἐπεσε ἔς τὸ κεφάλι μου τώρα θεϊκὴ κατάρρα,
 Τὰ γηρατειά μου ντρόπιασεν ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ Κωσταντάρρα.
 Πῶς μὲ λυπεῖ, Συμπέθερε, τὸ χαλεπὸν μου γῆρας,
 Ποῦ τ' ἄρματά μου τὰ παλὰ μ' ἀρπάζ' ἀπὸ τὰς χεῖρας!
 Τὸ θέλημά ναι τοῦ Θεοῦ (μεγάλον τ' ὄνομά του)
 Νὰ μὴν ἐκδικηθ' ὁ Κοντὸς μὲ χέρια τὰ δικά του.

Pistols and knife his girdle deck ; his whole
Deportment marks a veteran brigand's soul.
As to the ground an old and hollow tree,
Clings with its roots distended, so was he,—
Sterios,—Fóto's father, old, gray-headed,
But in his youthful days by warriors dreaded.
“ Welcome (Giani to him with burning core)
“ Know ye ? I do, and well,—count me no more :
I am decay'd, chill'd is my heart and dim,
My eyes fix'd on the ground, weary each limb.
Withering with lingering sickness night and day,
My right no longer knows the foe to slay.
On me lies Heaven's curse,—vain to bemoan,—
Disgrace on my life's eve has Giotis thrown !
I must the weariness of age abide,
Which wrings from out my arms their strength and pride;
They shall no more avenge their owner's shame,
(The will of God be done ! great is his name).
But no,—the Lord has not abandon'd me,
Since with a kinsman I am bless'd like thee ;
Ah, Giani ! who hast made the matrons mourn,
The death of lion-hearted youths they'd borne,
(On Mitzobó, on Kissobó, their mountain seats,
The honours of their clan, proclaim'd his feats)

Πλὴν ὁ Μεγαλοδύναμος θέλει μὲ ἔξασάνει,
 Συμπέθερον μοῦ χάρισε τὸν ἄξιον Γερογιάννη,
 Τὸν Γιάννην ποῦ ὠρφάνευσε ταῖς θλιβεραῖς Μαννάδες
 Ἀπὸ τοὺς λιονταρόκαρδους κὶ ἄξιους παλληκαράδες,
 Ποῦ, ὅταν ζοῦσαν, δόξασαν μὲ τὴν λαμπρὴν τους Γέννα
 Τὸ Μέτζοβον, τὸν Κύσσαβον, βουνὰ τὰ ἔξακουσμένα.
 Τὰ χεῖλη τῶν παλληκαριῶν αὐτὸν συχνὰ φημίζουν,
 Ταῖς χώραις τὰ τραγούδια του καὶ τὰ χωριὰ γεμίζουν.

Ὁ Γιάννης τὸν ἀπόκοψε, τὰ μάτια του σφογγίζει,
 Ὅλους νὰ λέγῃ μὲ φωνὴν φιλέκδικην ἀρχίζει.
 Πῶς τὸ μπαρουτὶ ἔπιθυμῶ τώρα νὰ μοῦ μυρίσῃ,
 Κὶ ὁλόχλωμός του ὁ καπνὸς τὴν ὄψιν μου ν' ἀχνίσῃ!
 Πόσον ἐπιθυμῶ νὰ ἰδῶ μιὰ σπίθα νὰ πηδήσῃ
 Ἀπ' τὸν τουφεκοπρυόβολον, τὸ βόλι νὰ λαλήσῃ!
 Φωτιά' εἰς ταῖς τέσσαραις γωνιαῖς νὰ βάλω τοῦ χωριοῦ του,
 Κὶ ὁ ἴδιος ἐγὼ κόφτωντας τὴν κεφαλὴν τοῦ υἱοῦ του
 Ὅσον τὸν τάφον τ' ἄχαρὸν μου υἱοῦ χαρούμενος νὰ μπήξω,
 Τίνος ἐσκότωσε γαμβρὸν καὶ τίνος υἱὸν νὰ δείξω.

Φλόγα πολέμου ἔξαναψαν τὰ λόγια εἰς ὅλους· μόνος
 Ὁ Κωσταντῆς ὁ μορφονιδὸς ἐχθρὸς εἶν' τοῦ ἀγῶνος.
 Τζαπράζα κὶ ἄρματα λαμπρὰ πατόκορφα φοροῦσε,
 Ὅσον τοὺς δρόμους ἐκαμάρωνε, τοὺς κάμπους πλὴν μισοῦσε.
 Μὲ στόμ' αὐτὸς ἀστόχαστον κὶ ἀδιάντροπον ἀρχίζει
 Ὅσον καὶ εἰς ἄλλον ἀνάνδρα λόγια νὰ ψιθυρίζει.

Their voices oft the Pellicaris raise,
The country round re-echoes with his praise.

Giani wipes Sterios' eyes, which woe-drops drench,
And soothes his ire, with tongue that speaks revenge :
" Now sulphur's grateful fumes, now to the skies
" Let pallid smoke before my eyelids rise !
" Of warlike guns let my eye see the spark,
" Hear the ball's hissing roar,—our foe the mark ;
" His town feeding the flames shall feast our sight,
" While his child's head I sever with my right,
" And fix it upon Deemos' tomb, to prove
" His bridal father's, his own parent's love."

The flame of war was kindled in each breast,
Save Constantine's the Fair : his lucid vest
And gilded arms flash'd sunny sparks of light,
The hero of the streets,—shunning the fight.
Vile thoughts in viler words from each to each
Were whisper'd round the ring in muttering speech.
Then rage, the whetstone of the tongue, had edged
Stern Sterios' words, who thus his sense alleged.
" A brigand thou ? from the mere thought I shrink,—
" Luxurious slave ! go handle pen and ink ;
" Unhonour'd at thy back the carabine,
" The pistols pair'd that in thy girdle shine,

Ὁ Στέριος τὸν κατάλαβε, κ' ἡ γλῶσσά τ' ἡ γενναία,
 Ἀκονισμέν' ἀπ' τὸν θυμὸν, δίστομος εἶν' ῥομφαία.
 “Ντροπή σου νὰ νομάζεις, τοῦ λέγει, παλληκάρι.
 Χαρτὶ σοῦ πρέπει νὰ βαστᾷς, χαρτὶ καὶ καλαμάρι.
 Ντροπή' εταῖς πλάταις σου, ντροπή, τουφέκι νὰ σηκώνης,
 Μὲ δυὸ πιστόλαις καπνισταῖς τὴν μέσσην ν' ἄρματώνης
 Κ' εἰς τὴν ζερβὴν σου τὴν μεριὰν τρανὸ σπαθὶ νὰ σέρνης
 Μὲ χρυσοκέντητα λουριὰ 'ς τὴν ζώνην σου νὰ δένης,
 Νὰ σειέσαι, νὰ λυγίζεις, νὰ φέρνης πάντα γύραις,
 Καὶ ὅ,τι φθάσῃς νὰ λαλῇς συνήθειαν σὺ τὸ 'πῆρες.
 Τὰ φαγοπότια κυνηγᾷς, τὸ μαλακὸ κρεββάτι,
 Γιὰ τὴν τιμὴν δὲν γνοιάζεις, ταλαίπωρ' ἀκαμάτη!
 Κ' ἔπειτ' ἀστόχαστα τολμᾷς κί ἄκριτα λόγῳ ἀφίνεις;
 Δὲν ξέρεις τῶν παλληκαριῶν τ' αὐτιά μ' αὐτὰ μολύνεις,
 Ὅχουν χαρὰν τὸν πόλεμον, ἀνάπαισιν τὸν κόπον,
 Καὶ 'ς τ' ἀνδρειωμένα στήθια τοὺς δὲν ἐχ' ὁ φόβος τόπον;
 Νᾶχουν στρωμνὴν αὐτὴν τὴν γῆν τῶχουν πολὺ καμάρι,
 Γιὰ μαλακὸ προσκέφαλον ἓνα σκληρὸ λιθάρι.
 Εἰς τοὺς κινδύνους τῶν ἀνδρῶν δὲν πρέπει σὺ νὰ μβαίνης.
 Σύρε καὶ μάθε νὰ κεντᾷς, νὰ γνέθῃς, νὰ ὑφαίνῃς!
 Ναί· ῥόκα μάθε νὰ βαστᾷς καὶ τ' ἄρματα ν' ἀφήσῃς.
 Γυναίκειαν σῶδωσε καρδιάν κί ἀνδρὸς μορφὴν ἡ φύσις.”
 Ὁ τοῦ Γερο-Στέριου κραύγασαν ὅλ' ἡ Γενιά τὰ λόγια.
 Ἐκδίκησ', εἶπον, τ' ἀδίκᾳ τοῦ Δήμου κρίζουν βόλια!

" The sword upon thy left, which death ne'er dealt,
 " And the rich bandelier gracing thy belt.
 " Strut up and down, display a coxcomb's zeal,
 " Let what the moment prompts, thy lips reveal ;
 " The banquet seek, on wanton cushions roll,
 " Thy honour goes for nought, vile coward soul !
 " Is nought then to thy prattling tongue a bar ?
 " Know, Pallicaris' ears thy accents mar,
 " To them are strife, and toil, and tumult dear
 " Delights,—their warlike bosoms know not fear.
 " How oft a rugged soil their resting place,
 " With a hard stone their weary head to raise.
 " To men the life of toil and glory leave,
 " Thee it befits to spin, embroider, weave ;
 " Let others wear the sword, the distaff hold,
 " A woman's heart belies thy manly mould."

These words of Sterios enflame the band :

" The wrongs, the death of Deemos blood demand ;
 " Let's charge the foe, (one universal cry,)

" Our hands in his life's purple tide we'll dye."
 Each takes the oath, " Should I not carnage spread
 " Today, may none my honours sing when dead ! "

Sterios embraced them all ; Giani forgot,
 Amidst the tender scene, his child's hard lot.

Καθεὶς μας εἰς τὸν πόλεμον χαρούμενος θὰ τρέξει,
 Ὅτ' τοῦ ἐχθροῦ τὸ αἷμα τοῦ κοινοῦ τὰ χέρια του νὰ βρέξῃ.
 Εἶπε, καθεὶς ὠρκίσθηκε, ἔς τὴν μάχ' ἂν δὲν ὀρμήσῃ,
 Ἀφ' οὗ τὸν φάγ' ἡ Γῆ, κανεὶς νὰ μὴ τὸν τραγουδήσῃ.
 Ὁ Στέριος ἀναγάλλιασεν, ὁ Γιάννης γύρω τήρα,
 Λησμόνησε πῶς ἔχασε τὴν παινετὴν του κλήρα.

Τὸν τελευταῖον ἀσπασμὸν εἰς τὸν Νεκρὸν νὰ δώσων
 Ἰὺς ἦλθ' ἡ ὥρα, κί ᾧ βαρναῖς πέτραις νὰ τὸν πλακώσουν,
 Ὅτ' τὸ μέσον τῶν παλληκαριῶν Μισόκοποι δυὸ τρέχουν,
 Ταῖς Λύραις των κρεμάμεναις κί οἱ δυὸ ἔς τὸν ὦμον ἔχουν,
 Ὅλοι σωπαίνουν ἄρχισε νὰ τραγουδῇ ὁ πρῶτος,
 Κί ἀκούθῃ τὸ τραγουδί του τοῦ Δοξαριοῦ ὁ κρότος.

“Κλεφτόπουλα! ποῦ ζώνεσθε τ' ἀδούλωτο κοντάρι!
 Κλαῦστε τὸν Δῆμον, κλαύσετε τ' ἄξιο μας παλληκάρι!
 Τὸν Δῆμον εἰς τὸ τρέξιμον δὲν ἔφθανεν Ἐλάφι.
 Τὰ πόδια του δὲν δειλίαζαν Λόγγοι, Λαγκάδια, Τράφοι.
 Οἱ στοχασμοὶ του πάντοτε, τὰ ἔργα του, τὰ λόγια,
 Ἦσαν κλεφτῶν παλληκαριῶν, Σπαθιά, μπαρούταις, βόλια.
 Ἐρώτα τοὺς παλληρότερους πῶς τὸν ἐχθρὸν νὰ ζῶνῃ,
 Πότε νὰ πιάνῃ τὸ Δενδρὸ καὶ πότε τὸ κοτρῶνι,
 Πῶς νὰ ἔξανοίγῃ τὸν βορὸν καὶ πῶς νὰ καταφέρῃ
 Νὰ πέφτῃ ξάφνω ἔς τῶν ἐχθρῶν τὴν νύχτα τὸ λημέρι.
 Ἡ Μάinna του δὲν τοῦλεγε ποτέ της παραμύθια.
 Τ' ἀναφτε μὲ πολεμικὰ διηγήματα τὰ στήθια

They gave the last embrace, and sigh'd farewell,
Ere o'er the dead the last cold mantle fell.
But see those two who step from out the throng ;
Their shoulders bear the lyre of brigand song.
All pause.—Now o'er the chords the fingers dance,
And these the notes of the first minstrel's trance.

Brigands, whose waist displays the conquering sword,
Deemos bewail, Deemos the brigand lord !
No height to him a bar,—mute fell his feet
On earth, than stag or hound in chase more fleet ;
His actions, words, and thoughts in full assent,
Were e'er on arms and brigand glories bent :
Fables to him his mother never told,
But Kartzantoni's deeds would oft unfold,
Tzabella's, or some other chief, and feast
With brigand-feats his ears and docile breast.
On Tzumari the young she oft would dwell,
Once Missolongi's pride,—his glories tell,
Who liv'd in caves in the thick forest's maze,
Resting his fame on valour's during base.
See ! round his friends the balls destructive shower,
He stands, like on some rock the lofty tower :
The lure of rule itself could ne'er change his mood,
He pass'd his days 'midst haunts of wolfish brood ;

Τ' Ἀνδρούτζου, καὶ τοῦ Ζαχαριά, Τζαβέλλα, Κατζαντώνη,
 Μὲ τοὺς ἀγῶνας ἤθελε πάντα νὰ τὸν ἀνδρειόνη.
 Τὸν νιὸν τοῦλεγε Τζούμαρην ποὺ κλαίει τὸ Μεσολόγγι·
 Ἀφ' οὗ τὸν ἔφαγεν ἡ Γῆ, ἐρήμωσαν οἱ Λόγγοι,
 Αὐτὸν ποὺ 'εὖ τὴν ἀσάλευτην τῆς Ἀνδρειᾶς του βάσι
 Τὴν φήμην τ' ἔστησ', ἔχοντας στέγην σπηλιαῖς καὶ δάση.
 Κί ὅταν τοὺς ἄξιους φίλους του κεραύνωνεν ἡ μάχη,
 Ἔστεκε μόνος σὰν ἕψηλός πύργος 'εὖ ἤρημην Ῥάχη·
 Αὐτὸν ποὺ δὲν ἡμέρωσε μήτε τ' ἄρματολῆκι,
 Να Ἀημεριάζῃ πρόκρινεν ὅπου φωλιάζον Λύκοι,
 Γιατί ποτὲ γιὰ ἔξαγορὰν αὐτὸς δὲν πολεμοῦσε,
 Γιὰ μόνην τὴν Ἐλευθεριὰν ἄρματοισιὰν φοροῦσε,
 Καὶ πάντα δούλων ἔλεγε ταῖς Χώραις ἄξιους τόπους,
 Λαγγάδια, Ῥάχαις κ' Ἐρημιαῖς γιὰ λεύθερους ἀνθρώπους.
 Κλεφτόπουλα ποὺ ζώνεσθε τ' ἀδούλωτο κοντάρι!
 Κλαῦστε τὸν Δῆμον, κλαύσετε τ' ἄξιό μας παλληκάρι!"

Σώπασ' αὐτὸς ὁ Λυριστής· ἡ Λύρ' ἀρχίζ' ἡ ἄλλη
 Θανάτου τὴν ἀθάνατην δόξαν κλεφτῶν νὰ ψάλῃ.
 "Πόσον γλυκὸς ὁ θάνατος ὅποιον γεννᾷ τὸ βόλι!
 Τὸν θάνατον 'εὖ τὸν πόλεμον θρίαμβον λέγουν ὅλοι.
 Γίνονται τῶν ἀγώνων του Σάλπιγγες ἢ πληγαῖς του,
 Στολίζον τὰ πολεμικὰ χεῖλ' ἢ παλληκαριαῖς του·
 Προσκυνητάρια γίνονται οἱ Λόγγοι του καὶ οἱ τράφοι,
 Ὡς τὸ αἶμα τὸ μανδίλι του τὸ παλληκάρι βάφει.

For spoil or ransom's gain he never fought,
But freedom's blessings with his sabre sought.
" Towns are for slaves (he cried) who dare not roam,
" The desert woods I hail the freeman's home."—
Brigands, whose waist displays the conquering sword,
Deemos bewail, Deemos the brigand lord !

He ceased.—The other lyre responsive swells,
Thus brigands' death's immortal glory tells.
How sweet is death by powder, shot, and ball !
The warrior's death we should a triumph call.
His wounds like the shrill trumpet call to strife,
While brigand hymns immortalize his life.
A consecrated spot is now his wood,
The brigand dyes the kerchief in his blood.
" With him I liv'd !" with accents bold cries one :
" Me, me he loved !" another sighs with moan :
A third, " To me this lesson gave ;—Ask ne'er
" How many are the foes, sole question—where ?"
And with such words they all proclaim his praise,
Endeavouring thus their rising fame to raise.
A warrior's death is an eternal mine
Of everlasting glories to his line ;
Which on the seraph-wings of Song ascend,
And o'er his fame a heavenly ray distend.

Μ' ΑΥΤΟΝ ΕΓΩ ΣΤΙΝΕΖΗΣΙΑ, ΑΚΟΥΣ ΕΔΩ ΤΟΝ ΈΝΑ·

‘ΑΛΛΟΝ, ΑΠ’ ΟΛΟΥΣ ΠΛΕΙΟΤΕΡΟΝ ΑΓΑΠ’ ΑΥΤΟΣ ΕΜΕΝΑ.

‘ΑΛΛΟΝ, ΑΥΤΟΣ Μ’ ΕΑΙΔΑΜΕΝ ΙΣΑ ΝΑ ΣΗΜΑΔΕΤΟ,

ΟΧΙ ΠΟΤ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΟΙ ΕΧΘΡΟΙ, ΠΛΗΝ ΠΟΤ’ΝΑΙ ΝΑ ΓΥΡΕΤΩ.

Τέτοια καθείς μας πάντοτε νὰ λέη φιλοτιμιέται,

Ζητῶντας ’ς τοὺς ἐπαίνους του κί αὐτὸς νὰ μελετιέται.

Πόσῃν ἀφίνει ’ς τοὺς γονιοὺς τιμὴν καὶ ’ς τὴν Γενίαν του

‘Οποῖος πεθάνῃ, τὸ Σπαθὶ βαστῶντας ’ς τὴν δεξιάν του.

Εἰς τῆς ψδῆς τὰ ὀλόχρυσα πτερὰ τοὺς ἀναιβάζει,

Μὲ δόξης τὴν ἀνέσπερην ἀκτίνα τοὺς σκεπάζει.

Βράδν κί αὐγὴ τριαντάφυλλα ἀγνὰ καὶ Δάφναις πέρνουν

Τὰ παλληκάρια κλαίωντας ’ς τὸν τάφον του τὰ σπέρνουν.

‘Αρρώστος, λέν, δὲν σάπηκεν εἰς τ’ ἄνανδρον τὸ στρῶμα,

‘ΑΛΛ’ ἔβρεξε ’ς τὸν πόλεμον μὲ τὸ αἷμά του τὸ χῶμα.

Κί ὅταν ὁ υἱὸς πρὸς τὸν Γονιὸν νὰ πάρ’ εὐχὴν πηγαίνῃ,

ΟΜΟΙΟΣ ΜΕ ΚΕΙΟΝ, ΛΕΓ’ ὁ Γονιὸς, ΟΜΟΙΟΣ ΜΕ ΚΕΙΟΝ ΝΑ ΓΕΝΗ!

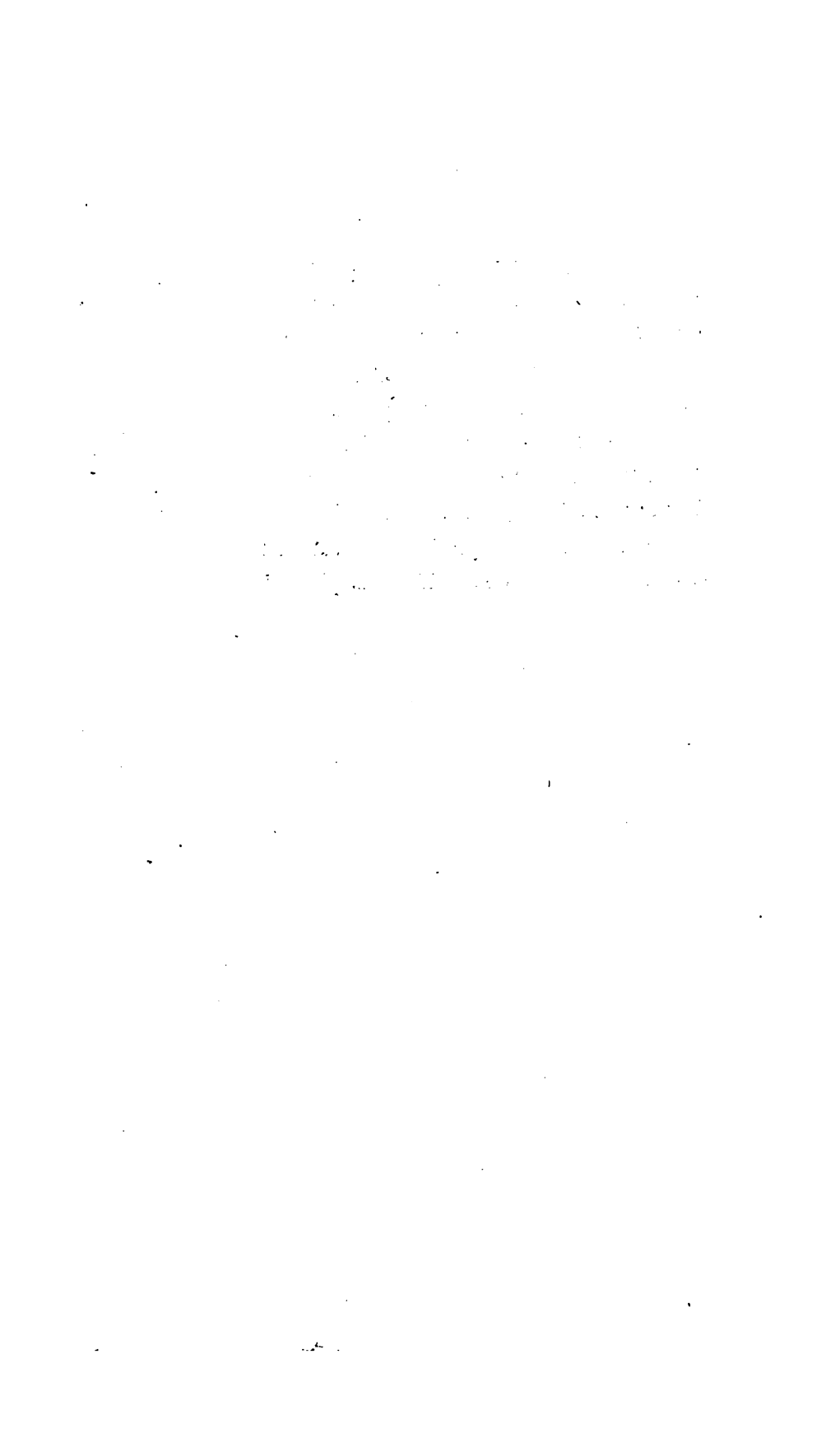
Κ’ ἡ τιμημέν’ ἡ Μάννα του νὰ ’πιθυμᾷ δὲν παύει

‘Απὸ τὸ τέκνον της τιμὴν τέτοϊαν κί αὐτὴ νὰ λάβῃ.

Πόσον γλυκὸς ὁ θάνατος ὅποιον γεννᾷ τὸ βόλι!

Τὸν θάνατον ’ς τὸν πόλεμον θρίαμβον λέγουν ὅλοι!

Morning and eve, Pallicaris deck his shrine
With a fresh braid,—the rose with laurel twine.
“Not on the couch he sicken’d with decay,
“In purple gush his soul escaped,” say they.
When parents grant the son the parting vow,
“Like him (the father says)—like him be thou!”
While “Soon like honour may exalt my name,”
The mother cries, “He be thy guide to fame!”
How sweet is death by powder, shot, and ball!
The warrior’s death we should a triumph call!



ΤΡΑΓΟΥΔΙΑ ΤΟΥ ΓΕ'ΝΟΥΣ.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

ΤΡΑΓΟΥΔΙΑ ΤΟΥ ΓΕ'ΝΟΥΣ.

Α'.

ΕΙ'ΠΕ'ΤΩ πλέον φανερά,
Πατρίς μου τώρα με χαρά:
Ἐλευθερόθεν ἐκ θεοῦ
Βαρβαροτάτου τοῦ ζυγοῦ.
Ἀναλαυβάνω πάλιν
Ἐλευθερίας κάλλη,
Νὰ ζήσω ἐλευθέρως
Καλὰ εἰς κάθε μέρος.
Ἀναλαμβάνω, κ. τ. λ.

Τουρκῶν γὰρ ἐξετίναξα
Δυνάμεις, κί' ἀπεδίωξα
Τόσων χρόνων δουλείαν
Μὲ τέκνων μου ἀνδρεῖαν.
Ἦμουν δεδουλομένη,
Καὶ καταπληγωμένη,
Τὸ αἷμα τῶν πληγῶν μου
Ἔτρεχε πρὸ ποδῶν μου.
Ἦμουν, κ. τ. λ.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

I.

SHOUT high, ye Greeks, your voices raise,
Sing loud your country's joy and praise :
The Lord stretch'd forth his arm—We shook
The tyrant yoke we could not brook.
Again be Greece the hero's home,
Shout loud, ye Greeks, rejoice !
And free through hill and valley roam,
They'll echo Freedom's voice.
Again, &c.

Greece roused the Moslem's barbarous band,
Since from her Heaven-beloved strand,
Deep-rooted, old-grown Slavery fled,
Full many of her sons have bled.
Though droops her head, the tyrant-slaves
With nervous arm she crushes ;
Her reeling feet a blood-stream laves,
Which from her bosom gushes.
Though droops, &c.

Β'.

ά.

ΔΕΥΤΕ Ἕλληνες γενναῖσι,

Δράμετε προθύμως νέσι

Εἰς τὸν θεῖον Παρνασσόν:

Πατρικὴν κληρονομίαν,

Ἐχοντες τὴν εὐφυΐαν

Καὶ φιλίαν τῶν Μουσῶν.

Ἕλληνες ἄγωμεν

Φῶς ἀναλάβομεν,

Τὸ ζοφερὸν

Τῆς ἀμαθείας

Νὰ φύγῃ ἔς τὸν ἐχθρόν.

β'.

Ἡ Ἑλλὰς ἀνατημένη,

Φίλος ἀπὸ σᾶς προσμένει

Δόξαντῆς τὴν παλαιάν:

Ἡ σοφία μόνη δίδει

Ὅλα τῶν καλῶν τὰ εἶδη,

Κί' εὐτυχίαν τερεάν.

II.

1.

HASTE on, ye Greeks of noble race,
Parnassus climb with eager pace,
Which heavenly fire infuses ;
The mount is yours by law of right,
Here Genius still maintains her might,
Amongst us are the Muses.

We break the spell of night ;
Come, Greeks, adore the light !
May the dense cloud
Of ignorance,
Our foe in darkness shroud !

2.

And Greece now risen to new light,
For days, with ancient glory bright,
Relies on you, my brother.
Of all we have of heavenly bliss,
Of all the earthly joy that is,
Thou, Wisdom, art the mother.

γ'.

ὦ πατρίς, πατρίς φιλτάτη!
 Ἢ ποτὲ κραταιοτάτη
 Ἀναμέσον τῶν ἐθνῶν!
 Φευ . . . εἰς πόσας δυσυχείας
 Ὅς ἔρριψε τῆς ἀμαθείας
 Σκότος τὸ φθοροποιόν.

δ'.

Ἀλλὰ θάρρει! μὴ φοβῆσαι,
 Ἐσὺ μήτηρ πάλιν εἶσαι,
 Τῶν φιλομαθῶν Γραικῶν.
 Ναί . . . πατρίς γενναιοτάτη,
 Ἐπεσ', ἔπεσ' ἡ ἀπάτη,
 Ἦλθε τοῦ φωτὸς αἰών.

ε'.

Λύκεια, Βιβλιοθήκαι,
 Τῆς σοφίας ἀποθήκαι
 Ἀνεγείρονται λαμπρῶς
 Ἀθανάτου δόξης ἔρωσ
 Ἀναψεν εἰς κάθε μέρος,
 Ζῆλος ἀναψεν σφοδρότε.

3.

My country dear, my country sweet,
Thine was the power ;—once at thy feet
 Was laid each earthly nation !
How fallen from that high estate !
By ignorance, how curs'd thy fate !
 A prey to desolation !

4.

Yield not thy soul to fear,—Hope speaks,
Again the wisdom-loving Greeks
 From out thy womb shall issue.
Yes, yes,—anew, my noble land,
The golden day beams o'er thy strand,
 Piercing night's dark-wrought tissue

5.

Lyceums and the Muses' fane,
The hall where sounds the minstrel strain,
 Each ancient place adorning ;
Immortal glory's warm desire,
Ambition's zeal, and heavenly fire,
 In every breast are burning.

ε'.

Νέοι, χάριν τῆς παιδείας
 Ἐυγε, τρέχετε παντοίας
 Καὶ θαλλάσσας καὶ ξηράς.
 Φιλοτίμως ἀγρυπνεῖτε,
 Τὰς τρυφὰς καταπατεῖτε,
 Ὅτ' ἀνέτη ἡ Ἑλλάς.

ζ'.

Συμπολῖται σᾶς καὶ ξένοι
 Ὅλοι ἐνθουσιασμένοι
 Πανευφύμως σᾶς ὕμνουں.
 Αἱ σκιαὶ δὲ τῶν προγόνων,
 Μετὰ τόσον λύπης χρόνον,
 Χαίρουσαι ἀνασκίρτουν.

η'.

ὦ φιλόχορος παρθένος,
 Πῶς τὸ ἄσμα σᾶς εὐφραίνει,
 Καὶ φλογίζει τὴν ψυχὴν!
 Ἑλληνίδες! ὁμοφώνως
 Ψάλλετε καὶ λαμπροφάνως
 Τῆς πατρίδος τὴν εὐχάνυνον.

6.

Arise, ye youths! for wisdom's gain,
 Come, pass the mount,—come, pass the main,
 Each meaner feat despising :
 Forsake the banquet tyrants give,—
 On nectar feast, for glory live,—
 Greece from the dead is rising !

7.

Hark ! strangers and your countrymen,—
 Enthusiastic all,—again
 Sing in loud hymns your praises ;
 Your parents' long and glorious file
 Exults, joy bursts the mouldering pile ;
 The tomb its tenant raises .

8.

Maids, ardent in the chorus round,
 How warms your voices' thrilling sound
 With martial glow the nation !
 Sing all, implore the highest boon,
 To heaven transmit with sweetest tune
 Your country's invocation !

θ'.

Ποιᾶ Ἑλλὰς μὲ νέα κάλλη
 Ἀναφαίνετε μεγάλη
 Εἰς τῆς τύχης τὸν ναόν;
 Εἶναι ἄρ' ἄρα φαντασία;
 Ὅχι . . . βλέπω παρρησίᾳ
 Νέον κόσμον φωτεινόν.

ι.

Ποντοπόροι νησιῶται,
 Μοραῖται, Ἡπειρῶται,
 Μακεδόνες καὶ Δελφοί,
 Θεσσαλοί, καὶ Ἀθηναῖοι,
 Σπαρτιάται, καὶ Θηβαῖοι,
 Ὅλος ζσύν ὡς ἀδελφοί.

ια.

Ναοὶ, θέατρα, μουσεῖα,
 Στοαὶ, κῆποι, πρυτανεῖα,
 Φθάνουν εἰς τοὺς οὐρανοὺς:
 Τὰς αἰσθήσας γοητεύουν,
 Τέρπουν, ὠφελοῦν, παιδεύουν,
 Κάμνουν ν' ἀπορεῖ ὁ νόος.

9.

And Greece ! Minerva's noble son,
 Exalted high on Fortune's throne,
 To whom the rest surrender ;
 Art thou the child of Fantasy ?
 No,—golden Truth beams on mine eye,
 I see a *world* of splendour.

10.

The youths of Delphos, Macedon,
 Morea's and Epirus' son,
 His all to Neptune giving ;
 The sons of Thebes and Thessaly,
 With those of Athens, Sparta vie,—
 They're all like brothers living.

11.

Museums and the temple's wall,
 The theatre, the sages' hall,
 Rise proud on high their structure :
 They teach, attract, amaze, delight,
 Each sense they charm with magic might,
 Each mind entrance to rapture.

ιβ'.

Μὲ τὸ ξίφος Μεληπομένη,
 Εἰς τὰ αἵματα βαμμένη
 Τρόμον, οἶκτον προξενεῖ·
 Ἄλλου πάλιν ἡ Θαλία,
 ῥίπτουσα τὰ προσωπεῖα,
 Γλυκὺν γέλωτα κυεῖ.

ιγ'.

Μουσῶν εὖμα καὶ Χαρίτων
 Ὅμηρε!—τῶν ἀνικητῶν
 Ὑμνησε τὰς ἀρετάς!
 Πίνδαρε!—τὴν Ὀλυμπίαν,
 Μὲ κιθάραν σου τὴν θεῖαν,
 Δόξασαι τοῦτε ἀθληταῖ!

ιδ'.

Ψάλλε μοῦσα Τιμοθέου,
 Πλήρης ἄσματος ἐνθέου,
 Καὶ κυρία τῶν παθῶν·
 Μάρμαρα ἐμψυχωθῆτε,
 Μορφῇν, σχῆμα ἐνδυθῆτε
 Τῶν ἡρώων καὶ σοφῶν.

12.

Slow comes, her sword immersed in gore,
 Melpomene from Pluto's shore,
 Fear's ghastly form to heighten ;
 And here, by sudden change of scene,
 The laughter-loving Muse is seen,
 Thy smiling eyes to brighten.

13.

Ye lips on which Apollo smil'd,
 The Graces' and the Muses' child,
 Hymn high the hero's fire !
 Great Homer !—Pindar ! at the games
 Shout the unconquer'd victors' names,
 Strike loud thy godlike lyre.

14.

Come take the harp, Timotheus,
 Thou heart-subduer ! bid thy muse
 Her sweetest note to warble ;
 And with the braid of laurel—twine,
 Again your sages, heros, shine !
 Give soul to lifeless marble.

ιέ.

Πάλιν θεωρῶ τοὺς ξένους,
 Πανταχόθεν ἐρχομένους
 Εἰς τὸ ἔδαφος ἡμῶν·
 Τέχνας διὰ τὰ σπουδάσουν
 Ἡ τὰ ἔργα τὰ θαυμάσουν
 Νέων ἄλλων Ἀπελλῶν.

ις'.

Ἀπὸ πόλον ἕως πόλον,
 Τὰ καλὰ τῶν τόσων ὅλων
 Περουβίων καὶ Ἰνδῶν·
 Γῆν ἀφίνουσι πατρίαν
 Ὡς τὴν φιλόμουσον Γραικίαν
 Μετοικοῦσι σωρηδόν.

ιζ'.

ὦ πανύμνητε Σοφία,
 Τῶν καλῶν πηγὴ πλουσία,
 Θεραπεία τῶν κακῶν!
 Στήσαι τὸν λαμπρόν σου θρόνον
 Εἰς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων
 Ἐν τῷ μέσῳ τῶν Γραικῶν.
 Ἕλληνες ἄγωμεν, κ. τ. λ.

15.

Say, strangers, whither are ye bound,
With breathless haste? "To holy ground,—
 "We speed to classic Hellas."
With grace they here their minds array,
Gaze on the pencil's bold display,
 Works of a new Apelles.

16.

From pole to pole by magic thrill,
From India's shore and from Brazil,
 Of human race the flower
Forsake their home, their native soil,
To Phœbus-favour'd Greece they toil,
 To share the sacred dower.

17.

Of all our blessings richest source,
In days of woe our sweetest nurse,
 Come, Wisdom, heavenly blossom,
Erect again thy golden throne,
For ever here, where once it shone,
 In Hellas' faithful bosom!
We break the spell, &c.

ιέ.

Πάλιν θεωρῶ τοὺς ξένους,

Πανταχόθεν ἐρχομένους

Εἰς τὸ ἔδαφος ἡμῶν :

Τέχνας διὰ νὰ σπουδάσουν

Ἡ τὰ ἔργα νὰ θαυμάσουν

Νέων ἄλλων Ἀπελλῶν.

ις'.

Ἀπὸ πόλον ἕως πόλον,

Τὰ καλὰ τῶν τόσων ὄλων

Περουβίων καὶ Ἰνδῶν :

Γῆν ἀφίνουσι πατρίαν

Ἐπὶ τὴν φιλόμουσον Γραικίαν

Μετοικοῦσι σωρηδόν.

ιζ'.

ὦ πανύμνητε Σοφία,

Τῶν καλῶν πηγὴ πλουσία,

Θεραπεία τῶν κακῶν !

Στήσαι τὸν λαμπρόν σου θρόνον

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Erect again thy golden throne,
For ever here, where once it shone,
 In Hellas' faithful bosom!
We break the spell, &c.

Γ.

ά.

ΦΙΛΟΙ' μου συμπατριῶται,
 Δούλοι νάμεθα ὡς πότε
 Τῶν ἀχρείων Μουσουλμάνων;
 Τῆς Ἑλλάδος τῶν τυράννων;

β'.

Ἐκδικήσεως ἡ ὥρα
 Ἐφθασεν ὦ φίλοι τώρα;
 Ἡ κοινὴ πατρὶς φωνάζει,
 Μὲ τὰ δάκρυα μᾶς κράζει.

γ'.

Τέκνα μου, Γραιοὶ γενναῖοι,
 Δράμετ' ἄνδρες τε καὶ νέοι,
 Ἀσπαζόμεν' εἰς τὸν ἄλλον
 Μ' ἐνθουσιασμόν μέγαλον.

III.

1.

How long, friends and countrymen,
Shall we slaves of slaves remain;
Slaves to Islam's barbarous hordes,
Our country's vile tyrannic lords?

2.

Hark ! the thunder rolls on high,
Vengeance sweet ! the hour is nigh !
Hellas' call, thy sons oppress,
Dry the tears which bathe thy breast.

3.

Hella's youth of noble race,
Bold the foe of Jesus face,
All inflam'd with sacred fire,
Each his brother shall inspire.

δ.

Εἴπατε μεγαλοφώνως,
 Ἐπατ' ὅλοι ὁμοφώνως;
 "Ἐὼς πότε τυραννία;
 "Ζήτω ἡ ἐλευθερία."

ε.

ὦν μεγάλη ἀφροσύνη
 Τῶν Γραικῶν, καὶ κατασχῆνη,
 Νὰ μᾶς τυραννοῦσι Τούρκου
 Οἱ ἀχρεῖοι Μαμαλοῦκοι!

ς.

Πόση βιά, κ' ἀδικία,
 Πόση καταδυναστία,
 Τῶν ἀχρειεσπᾶτων Τούρκων,
 Τῶν ἀχρείων Μαμαλούκων!

ζ.

ἦλθον ὅλοι μὲ μίαν βίαν,
 Καὶ δουλῶν κάθε φατρίαν.
 Οἱ Γραικοὶ δὲ σιωποῦσαν,
 Νὰ λαλήσουν δὲν τολμοῦσαν.

4.

Raise your conquering voices all,
And unanimously call :
" Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
" Live and die for freedom's cause."

5.

Blush, ye Greeks ! how low your state ;
Madness blinds ye to your fate,
Tyrannized by Ottoman,
Mamaluke, and Turcoman !

6.

Still I hear Oppression's cry,
Innocence and Justice sigh,—
Still the Turkish yoke ye brook,
Serve the barbarous Mamaluke !

7.

See, he comes—sole law, his might,—
Seizes all that's yours by right :
Silent bows the Greek his head,
Does the Rajah speak—he's dead.

ή,

Ἔως πότε Μουσουλμάνους
 Ὑποφέρετε τυράννους;
 Ἔως πότε τυραννία;
 Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

θ'.

Ποῦ αἱ τέχναι, ποῦ ἡ πίστις
 Τῶν Γραικῶν αἱ τόσαι φῆμαι!
 Ὑποφέρετε πτωχίαν,
 Τυραννίαν κι' ἀδικίαν,

ι.

Βάσανα, μόχθους καὶ πόνους
 Μάστιγας, σφαγὰς καὶ φόνους;
 Ἔως πότε τυραννία;
 Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

ια.

Καὶ ξεμπευμὸν πατρίδος,
 Στερευμὸν πάσης Ἐλπίδος,
 Ὅλ' αὐτὰ συλλογισθῆτε,
 Τοὺς προγόνους μνηθῆτε.

8.

How long slaves to Islam's hordes,
How long bear these barbarous lords?
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for Freedom's cause,

9.

Hellas, radiant *was* thy light;
Fame is gone ;—the Muses bright,—
Where are they? The harp, the lute,
Are in Osman's country mute.

10.

And Apollo's voice supply,
Agony and torture's cry:
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

11.

Think but on thy country's sighs,
Think on him, who exiled dies;
Think for thee thy fathers bled,
And life's tide for freedom shed.

ιβ'.

ὦ Γραικοὶ ἀνδρειωμένοι,
 Ἔισθε ὅλοι ἐνωμένοι
 Ἔως πότε τυραννία;
 Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

ιγ'.

Τῶν Γραικῶν τὸ μέγα ἔθνος,
 Τὸ ἐξακουσμένον γένος,
 Εἰς Ἀνατολὴν καὶ Δύσιν
 Δὲν εἶν' πλέον εἰς τὴν φύσιν.

ιδ'.

Ὅντ' ἀκούετε καθόλου
 Ἐξ ἐνὸς ὡς ἄλλου πόλου,
 Ταῦτα κάμν' ἡ τυραννία,
 Μουσουλμάνων ἡ ἀγρεία.

ιέ.

Ἀλλὰ ἦλθε τέλος πάντων
 Μεταξὺ τόσων συμβάντων,
 Ἐκδικήσεως ἡ ὥρα
 Οἱ Γραικοὶ φωνάζουν τώρα :

12.

Valiant Greeks ! one thought, one soul,
All inflame from pole to pole,—
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

13.

In the fane where nations shone,
Greece once fill'd the highest throne,
Like the radiant orb of day,
Beaming round light's sparkling ray.

14.

Now erased from human thought,
Dwindled is her name to nought :
This the bliss which tyrants grant,—
They shall not her fame supplant !

15.

Hail ye all the rolling year !
Yes, revenge, thy hour is near,
Moslem has his time outrun,—
Hark ! what says each Argive son.

ις'.

Ἐς τοῦ τυράννου τὴν θυσίαν,
 Ἄπαντες μὲ προθυμίαν
 Ἄς πηγαίνωμεν σὺν βία,
 Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

ιζ'.

Ἐλαμψεν ἡ σωτηρία,
 Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία!
 Ἐς τοῦ τυράννου τὴν θυσίαν
 Τρέχομεν μὲ προθυμίαν.

ιη'.

Ἐς τοὺς υἱοῦστων οἱ πατέρες
 Δίδουν θάρρος, κί αἱ μητέρες,
 Ὅσοι ἔπισω κί ἀπομείνουσι,
 Λέγουσι μᾶς κατασχύουσιν.

ιβ'.

Ἐχετε ὑγείαν λέγουσι
 Εἰς τὸν πόλεμον τοὺς σέλλουν.
 Ἐως πότε τυραννία,
 Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

16.

May our fellest foemen bleed,
Expiate each tyrant deed
With their life-drops!—Gallant slave,
Sink thy thralldom in their grave.

17.

Brightening with refulgent ray,
O'er us breaks Salvation's day;
Come, the vengeance-pile to raise!
Kindle t' heav'n the grateful blaze!

18.

Speed all to the gory fane,
Shame on those who yet remain!
Fathers give their sons the spear;
Mothers say without a tear,—

19.

“Take thy shield, be sure to come
“With it, or upon it, home.” [B]
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

κ'.

Μὲ σπαθιά ξεγυμνωμένα,
Στὸν θεὸν τερεωμένα
Εἰς τὰς μάχας νὰ ὀρμάτε,
Καὶ τοὺς Τούρκους νὰ χαλάτε.

κά.

Βοηθοῦντες εἰς τὸν ἄλλον,
Κάμνοντες ὄρκον μεγάλον·
Τότε μόνον νὰ τ' ἀφήτε,
Ὅταν τοὺς ἐχθροὺς νικήτε.

κβ'.

Μὰ τὴν πίστιν, μὰ πατρίδα,
Μὰ τὴν εἰς θεὸν ἐλπίδα,
Τῆς Ἑλλάδος τὴν πρὶν δόξαν
Νὰ τὴν λάβωμεν με δόξαν.

κγ'.

Τοὺς ἐχθροὺς νὰ πολεμοῦμεν,
Καὶ νὰ τοὺς καταπατοῦμεν·
Ἔως πότε τυραννία,
Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

20.

Victory is with the Lord ;
Gird around thy vengeance-sword,
Let each turban'd Othmân feel
Justice guides our conquering steel.

21.

Sacred be to all this word ;
"Each to each be shield and sword,
"Sheath it not till victory
"Triumph o'er our enemy."

22.

Hark ! our faith and country call,
God our noblest shield and wall !
Greece shall reign with ancient might,
Seize your swords, and nobly fight !

23.

On,—the foe of Jesus' face,
Trample on the tyrant-race !
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

κδ.

Τρόπαια τοῦ Μαραθῶνος
 Δὲν ἠφάνισεν ὁ χρόνος,
 Μῆτε Σαλαμῖνος ἔργα,
 Τῶν Ἑλλήνων θαῦμα μέγα.

κε.

Μιλτιάδης, Λεονίδης,
 Μὲτ' αὐτῶν ὁ Ἀριστέδης,
 Κί ὁ Θεμιστοκλῆς ὁ μέγας,
 Ὡς αὐτὸς ἄλλος κένενας.

κε'.

Σιωπῶ τοὺς τόσους ἄλλους,
 Ἄνδρες θαυμάσιους μεγάλους.
 Ἔως πότε τυραννία,
 Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

κζ.

Ἐκείνους οἱ Γραικοὶ μιμοῦνται,
 Τούρκους πλέον δὲν φοβοῦνται,
 Τὴν ζωὴν καταφρονοῦσι
 Τοὺς τυράννους δὲν ψηφοῦσι.

24.

Marathon, thy trophies bright
Still defy time's sweeping might,
Ever-green the laurel is,
Gain'd at seaborne Salamis.

25.

Think but on Miltiades,
On the just Aristides,
On Themistocles the Great,
And brave Leonidas's fate.

26.

Thousands of our great and brave,
Of such heroes deck the grave.
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

27.

Yes, a spark from yon dark fanes,
Thrills like lightning through our veins,—
Greeks despise a dastard's life,
Greeks defy a tyrant's strife.

κή.

Εἰς τὴν δόξαν τῆς πατρίδος,
 Μὲ τὴν εἰς θεὸν Ἑλπίδος,
 Ἄς ὑπάγωμεν ὦ νέοι,
 Εἰς τὸν πόλεμον γενναῖοι.

κθ'.

Ὅλοι νὰ θανατωθοῦμεν,
 Πλὴν νὰ μὴν ὑποταχθοῦμεν.
 Ἔως πότε τυραννία,
 Ζήτω ἡ Ἑλευθερία.

λ'.

Οἱ Γραικοὶ τὰ ἱστοροῦνται,
 Καὶ καλὰ τὰ ἐνθυμοῦνται,
 Προγονοίτων εἶν' ὁ Μίνος,
 Ὁ Λυκούργος, Σόλων κείνος.

λά.

Ἡ Ἐπτάλοφος μᾶς κράζει,
 Θρόνον μέγα ἐτοιμάζει,
 ὦ Γραικοὶ ἀνδρειωμένοι
 Οἱ παντοῦ ἐξακουσμένοι.

28.

Glory is each Grecian's call,
God our nobest shield and wall !
All, a well-cemented might,
Let us bold our foemen fight.

29.

All shall die or all be free,—
Think but on Thermoply.
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

30.

Blood-proud Argive sons have not
Their ancestral line forgot ;
From Lycurgus trace their spring,
Solon and the Cretan king.

31.

Islam's crescent wanes apace,
Plant instead the sign of grace ;
On where gleams Sophia's shrine,
Raise the throne of Constantine !

λβ'.

Δὲν ἐξεύρετε τυράννοι,
Ὅτι ὁ Γραικός δὲν χάνει.
Ἔως πότε τυραννία,
Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

32.

Tremble, tyrants ! know fate's doom :
"Greece shall rise in all her bloom."
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

Δ'.

ά.

Ἦλθεν ὁ Μιλτιάδης
 Μὲ δύναις πολλαῖς,
 Ἦ μήτηρ μας, μᾶς κράζει
 Μ' ἀνγκάλαις ἀνοικταῖς.

Βουνὰ ψηλὰ, βουνὰ ψηλὰ,
 Λαγκάδια καὶ βυθοὺς,
 Πηδᾶτε κὶ ἀπερνᾶτε,
 Φονεύτε τοὺς ἐχθρούς.

β'.

Ἔως πότε παληκάρια
 Νὰ ζῶμεν 'εἰς τενὰ;
 Μονάχοι σὰν λεωντάρια
 Ὡς τοὺς βράχους 'εἰς τὰ βουνά.

IV.

1.

MILTIADES is coming,
A thousand spears his wall ;
Greece opens you her bosom,
O hear a parent's call !

The vale is low, the mountain steep,
And perilous the main ;
Come pass, and climb, and cross the deep,
The tyrant-foe be slain.

2.

Wild like the mountain lion,
In woods and caves we roam ;
No longer, brother heroes,
Let's strangers be at home.

γ'.

Ν' ἀφίνωμεν ἀδέλφια,
 Πατρίδα καὶ γονεῖς,
 Τοὺς φίλους, τὰ πεδιά μας,
 Κί' ὅλους, τοὺς συγγενεῖς.

δ'.

Ἀφέντης, δραγομάνος,
 Βεζύρης κί ἂν ταθῇς,
 Ὁ τύραννος σὲ κάμνει
 Ἀδίκως νὰ χαθῇς.

έ.

Καλήτερα μιᾶς ὥρας
 Ἐλεύθερη ζωῇ,
 Παρὰ ἑσπέραντα χρόνους,
 Σκλαβιὰ καὶ φυλακή.

ς'.

Ἄς κάμωμεν τὸν ὄρκον
 Ἐπὶ τὸν τίμεον ταυρὸν,
 Πῶς χύνομεν τὸ αἷμα
 Εἰς τοῦτον τὸν καιρόν.

3.

I have no friend, no parent,
No country call I mine;
All crush'd beneath the crescent,—
My wife, my kin, my kine.

4.

Today a Dragomano,
Or chosen e'en visier,
Thou'lt die tomorrow guiltless,
To soothe a tyrant's fear.

5.

What's a life of slavery
To one day's freedom's breath?
A lingering life of slavery,
Is but a lingering death.

6.

Red gleams the Cross our banner,—
Swear by the holy sign,
Life's purple tide shall flow
Till Greece be freedom's shrine.

ζ.

Ἐξ Ἀνάτολιν καὶ Δύσιν,
 Εἰς Νότον καὶ Βορρῆαν,
 Γιὰ τὴν πατρίδα ὅλοι
 Ν' ἄχωμεν μιὰν καρδιάν.

ή.

Ἐ τὴν πίσιν τοῦ καθένος
 Ἐλεύθερος νὰ ζῇ,
 Ἐ τὴν δόξαν τοῦ πολέμου
 Νὰ τρέζωμεν μαζύ.

θ.

Κί ἂν παραβῇ τὸν ὄρκον,
 Νὰ ἐράψῃ ὁ οὐρανός,
 Καὶ νὰ τὸν κατακάψῃ,
 Νὰ γένη σὰν καπνός.

Βουνὰ ψηλά, κ. τ. λ.

7.

From pole to pole united ;
In arms, from east to west,
One thought for Greece be cherish'd,
One thought warm every breast.

8.

Free be ~~each~~ man, his Maker
Free in his ~~faith~~ adore ;
Hence ! ~~share~~ ye all the laurel,
Haste to the ~~camp~~ of gore.

9.

Roll, Lord, o'er him thy thunder,
Who breaks ~~this~~ oath we swear ;
Annihilate him, lightning,
Like ~~smoke~~ dispersed in air.

The vale is low, &c.

Ε'.

ά.

ΓΡΑΙΚΟΙ' φίλ' ἄς κινηθῶμεν,
 Ἀπὸ τὸν ζυγὸν ν' ἐκβῶμεν,
 Κί' ἀπὸ τὰς φρικτὰς βασάνους:
 Νὰ μὴν ἔχωμεν τυράννους.

β'.

Εἶναι πλέον ἀτιμία,
 Καὶ μεγίς' ἀναισχυντία,
 Ὁ Γραικὸς νὰ μὴ κινῆται,
 Κί' εἰς τὸν λήθαργον νὰ κῆται.

γ'.

Ὡς καλὰς, ὀρθὰς καὶ θεῖας,
 Τῶν τυράννων τὰς ἀχρεΐας
 Τὰς βουλάς, νὰ ἐκτελῶμεν:
 Κί' ἀπρεπῶς νὰ τὰς τιμῶμεν.

V.

1.

GREEKS and friends, whom I invoke,
Rive the fetters, shake the yoke;
Pangs heart-rending we bemoan,
Let's no longer tyrants own.

2.

Greeks, disgrace will stain *their* name,
And eternal be their shame,
Who with indifference supine,
Now in lethargy recline.

3.

They adore, as Heavenly will,
Laws, of human breast the chill;
And the Turkish leaden sway,
With a slavish neck obey.

δ'.

Ἄλλ' ἦλθ' ἡ ὥρα, μήτ' ἐλπίδα
 Νὰ μὴν ἔχῃς, πῶς ῥανίδα
 Μιὰρὲ τύραννε θὰ σώσεις,
 Αἵματός σου νὰ μὴ δόσῃς.

ε'.

Πάντες αἰμὴ σὸν δαφνόμεν,
 Λοιπὸν ἄλλον θὰ τὸ πιούμεν·
 Πανταχόθεν θέλει τρέχει,
 Καὶ τὴν γῆν παντοῦ θὰ βρέχει.

ς'.

Ἵς τὰ πεδία τὰ ῥημφόμενα,
 Ὅλοι ξίφει ἔματτωμένα
 Εἰς τὰς χεῖρας ἅς βασιῶμεν,
 Μουσουλμάνους νὰ ζητῶμεν.

ζ'.

Ἄς ζητῶμεν ποῦ ἔνι οἱ ἐχθροὶ μας,
 Νὰ γνωρίσῃν τὸ σπαδί μας·
 Αἶμα, αἶμα τουρκικόν,
 Ἄς δοξάσῃ τὸν Γραικόν.

4.

Nigh 's the hour of vengeance! Know,
Plague-infected tyrant foe,
Allah sleeps!—thy blood I drain,
Till each life-drop leave its vein.

5.

Life we long from thee to wrench,
'T is thy blood our thirst must quench;
All around the living gush
Dyes the earth with purple blush.

6.

Bare the blades immersed in gore;
Haste, the desert fields explore!
Desolation, whirl thy brand
Over Islam's treacherous band.

7.

Prove the foe, thy scimitar
Can the turban'd foemen mar;
Blood,—yes, Turkish blood alone,
Can for Grecian wrongs atone.

ή.

Τοὺς προγόνους μιμηθῶμεν,
 Τ' ἄρματ' ἅς πυρσοκροτῶμεν,
 Αἶμα τύραννοι νὰ χύσουν,
 Καὶ τὸν Ἄδην νὰ γεμίσουν.

θ'.

Μ' ἓνα φρόνημα μ' ἐν βῆμα
 Φίλ' ἅς γίνωμεν ἡ θῦμα,
 Ἦ σωτῆρες τῆς Γραικίας,
 Στῦλοι τῆς Ἑλευθερίας.

ι.

Γραικοὺς ἂν μικροψυχήσῃ
 Γραικοῦ τ' ὄνομ' ἅς ἀφήσῃ,
 Ἄς τ' ἀφήσῃ 'ς τοὺς ἀνδρείους,
 Ποῦ φονεύουν τοὺς ἀχρείους.

ια.

Τοὺς Γραικοὺς ἔχθρ' ἅς τρομάζουν,
 'Σ τ' ὀνομάτων ἅς δειλιάζουν,
 Ἄς χαθῇ Γραικῶν δουλεία,
 Ν' ἀνατείλῃ Ἑλευθερία.

8.

While ancestral glory warms,
Hurl Death's thunder with your arms ;
Strike—the Infidels to kill,
Pluto's dreary realms to fill.

9.

Let us all, a self-doom'd wreck,
Together the cold mansion deck ;
Or, predestined Greece to save,—
Freedom's pillars are the brave !

10.

Does pale fear then blanch his cheek ?
Dare he boast himself a Greek ?
No,—the brave become that name,
Their's the right to honour's claim.

11.

At that name our foe shall shrink ;
Burst of Slavery each link !
Be our watchword in the fight,—
Freedom every Grecian's right !

ή.

Τοὺς προγόνους μιμηθῶμεν,
 Τ' ἄρματ' ἅς πυρσοκροτῶμεν,
 Αἶμα τύραννοι νὰ χύσουν,
 Καὶ τὸν Ἄδην νὰ γεμίσουν.

θ'.

Μ' ἓνα φρόνημα μ' ἐν βῆμα
 Φίλ' ἅς γίνωμεν ἡ θῦμα,
 Ἦ σωτῆρες τῆς Γραικίας,
 Στυλοὶ τῆς Ἑλευθερίας.

ι.

Γραικοὺς ἂν μικροψυχήσῃ
 Γραικοῦ τ' ὄνομ' ἅς ἀφήσῃ,
 Ἄς τ' ἀφήσῃ 'ς τοὺς ἀνδρείους,
 Ποῦ φονεύουν τοὺς ἀχρείους.

ια.

Τοὺς Γραικοὺς ἔχθρ' ἅς τρομάζουν,
 'Σ τ' ὀνομάτων ἅς δειλιάζουν,
 Ἄς χαθῇ Γραικῶν δουλεῖα,
 Ν' ἀνατεῖλῃ Ἑλευθερία.

3.

While ancestral grievances
 Had Death's chamber with your name.
 Strike—the Indians in kill,
 Pluto's dreary realms in fill.

4.

Let us all, a self-denial in own,
 Together the first mission own.
 Or, protestant Conscience in own.—
 Freedom's pillars are the own.

5.

Does poor low then man no own
 Dare he own himself in own?
 No,—the own own then own.
 Their's the own in own own.

6.

As that own in own own
 Burst if own own own
 Be our own own own.—
 Freedom own own own.

γ'.

Ἐκδεδομένοι εἰς τὰς τρυφὰς,
 Ἐχουσιν ὅλοι ψυχὰς δειλὰς,
 Οἱ ἴδιοι φωνάζουσιν,
 Ἀυθέντας τῶν μᾶς κράζουσιν.
 Ὅλοι λοιπὸν ἅς τρέξωμεν
 Τοὺς Τούρκους νὰ φονεύσωμεν.

δ'.

Τόσων Ἡρώων τέκνα ἡμεῖς
 Μένωμεν ἔτι ὑποκλινεῖς;
 Ἀκόμ', ἀκόμη μένωμεν
 Βαρβάρους νὰ δουλεύωμεν;
 Τὸ ἐλελεῦ ἅς κράζωμεν
 Καὶ τοὺς τυράννους σφάζωμεν.

ε'.

Μαυροκορδάτος μᾶς πρόσκαλεῖ,
 Δράμετε κράζει ὅλ' ὦ Γραικοί.
 Σταυρὸν φέρ' ἡ σημαῖά μας,
 Θάνατον ἡ ρομφαῖά μας.
 Τοὺς Τούρκους οὖν ἅς σφάζωμεν,
 Καὶ ὅλοι μας ἅς κράζωμεν :

3.

Revelry's lord and Luxury's slave,
His weak heart faints with dread of the grave ;
" We are the Lords " his lips confess,
Where life fades into lifelessness.
Then let us struggle to the last,
And death on Osman's children cast.

4.

Link'd with the Magnates, lords of our land,
Yet we obey the tyrant's command !
Are we still slaves ? bound to the soil,
To dig their lands, for them to toil ?
We smite for freedom, they for sway,—
Your smiters smite, your tyrants slay.

5.

Maurocordatus summons the thanes,
Summons the Greeks to burst their chains.
The sacred emblem leads our band,
While death deals each unbelted brand,
Fixing the doom of every foe,
Shout high, proclaim with martial glow,

ε'.

Ζήτω τὸ γένος, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλὰς,
Πάντα νὰ ἄρχῃς, καὶ νὰ νικᾷς.
Τὰ τέκνα 'εὖ ὀρκιζόμεθα,
Τὰ ὅπλα μας ζωνόμεθα,
Πρὸς δόξαν τῆς θρησκείας μας
Καὶ τῆς ἐλευθερίας μάς.

6.

Hellas our country for ever ! again
Hellas shall conquer, Hellas shall reign !
Thy children, sworn to vindicate
Thy wrongs, shall raise thy fallen state ;
Fighting for faith, they shall regain
Their freedom in the strife of men.

Z.

ά.

ΛΑΜΠΡΑ' Ἑλλάς

Πηγὴ τῶν φιλοσόφων
 Μητέρα τῶν Ἡρώων
 Φωσφόρε τῶν βροντῶν,
 Ξύπνησον ἐκ τοῦ βύθους
 Σύντριψον τὰς ἀλύσσους
 Μητέρα τῶν Μουσῶν.

β'.

Ἴδου καιρὸς

Τῆς δόξης σου ἐφάνη
 Κρατῶν χρυσοῦν τεφάνι
 Καὶ κράζων ἰσχυρῶς:
 Ἑλλάς γενναιοτάτη
 Τυράννους καταπάτει
 Καὶ νίκα κρατεῶς.

VII.

1.

ILLUSTRIOUS Greece !

Which gave the hero birth,
Bright wisdom's fount on earth,
Apollo's favourite porch :
Fly sleep's inglorious reign,
Awake, and rive thy chain !
Hail, mankind's mental torch !

2.

Now glory's rays

O'er thee their lustre shed,
And crown thy conquering head.
A voice guides thy array :
" Bold on the tyrants press,
" To Greece shall be success,
" Thine is the martial day."

γ'.

Μὴ δειλιάς

Ἔχεις ἡρώων τῆθος
 Καὶ φιλοσόφων πλήθος
 Νὰ σ' ὑπερασπισθοῦν,
 Μητέρα σὲ γνωρίζουν,
 Ὅπου κι' ἂν τριγυρίζουν
 Καὶ σὲ ἐπι ποθοῦν.

δ'.

Τὸν Ἡρακλῆ

Σὺ μόνη ἐδυνήθης
 Σ' τὸν κόσμον νὰ γεννήσης
 Ὑδρας ξολοθρευτὴν,
 Ἀυτῆς ποῦ τῶρα πάλιν
 Μὲ δύναμιν μεγάλην
 Ὅσ' τὰ σπλάγχνα σου οἰκεῖ.

ε'.

ὦ Ἀθηνᾶ

Σπεῦσον πρὸς σὴν πατρίδα
 Εἰς γῆν τὴν Ἑλληνίδα,
 Καὶ πλάσον τοὺς ἐκεῖ
 Ἡρώας ὡς τὸ πρῶτον,
 Κινοῦντας τῶν ἀνθρώπων
 Τὸν θαυμασμὸν ἐν γῇ.

3.

Hence, chilling fear!

Of sages thou canst boast,
Of heroes a large host,
Thy shield their sacred throng.
Thou art their native home,
However far they come,
For thy embrace they long.

4.

'T was thou didst give

A Hercules to light;
Beneath his valour's might
Prolific Python bled :
A monster of that breed
Dwells now amidst thy seed,
And rears its venom'd head.

5.

Jove's valiant maid !

In Hellas dwell again,
In thy paternal fane,
And warm thy children's breasts,
Like the heroic dead ;
Their fame, with life not fled,
The wond'ring mind arrests.

ε'.

Μὴ δίσταζε

Αὐτοὶ ἐπιποθοῦσι

Ἐκεῖ νὰ σὲ ἰδοῦσι

Νὰ θεοποιηθῇς,

Προσάτης νὰ μετρῇσε

Μητέρα νὰ καλῇσε

Κι' ἄς ἦσαι εὐπειθής.

ζ'.

Μουσῶν χορὸς

Ἑλλάδος θυγατέρες

Χρόνου χρυσοῦ μητέρες

Ἑλλικωνὸς φωνῇ,

Στρέψατε 'ς τὴν πατρίδα

Τὴν γῆν τὴν Ἑλληνίδα

Πατρίδα μας κοινή.

6.

Once more to see

Thy image,—veil'd the face,—
Our sanctuary grace,
With joy our bosoms thrill!
Rebuild thy throne that fell,
Amidst thy children dwell,
Propitious to our will!

7.

Come, Grecian maids!

The Muses' sacred ring,
Hellicon's voice, and bring
The happy golden time:
Deign, fugitives, to roam
No longer from your home,
Dwell in your native clime!

Η'.

ά.

ΠΑΤΡΙΔΑ' μας ἐπαινετῇ
 'Σ ὅλον τὸν κόσμον ξακουτῇ,
 Ἐφθασ' ὁ καιρὸς τῆς δόξης
 Τοὺς τυράννους νὰ τροπόσῃς.
 Σκιρτῶμεν ἐλευθέρως,—
 Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

β'.

Τώρα ἐξύπνησ' ὁ καθεὶς
 Κι ἐγνώρισε τὸ ἀληθές,
 Ποῦ γιὰ φθόνον μᾶς μισοῦσι
 Σκλάβους πάντα μᾶς πυθοῦσι,
 Πατρίδα καὶ τὸ Γένος,—
 Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

VIII.

1.

HAIL, Parent-land ! thou dwelling-place
Of every virtue, every grace ;
Step bold again on Glory's path,
And on the tyrants vent thy wrath !
Let's catch the freeman's bound,—
Speed all to Classic ground !

2.

We all are wiser now, and know
The truth—taught in the school of woe ;
By envy mark'd out for their hate,
They deem us doom'd to Slavery's fate,
Our children, and our Land ;—
Let's speed to Hellas' strand !

γ'.

Ἄνδρες, γυναῖκες, καὶ πεδιά,
 Ὅλοι ἅς πιάσουν τὰ σπαθιά,
 Προγόνους τῶν ἅς μιμηθοῦν
 Τυράννους ἅς μὴ φοβηθοῦν.
 Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
 Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

δ'.

Πέρασ' ἐκεῖνος ὁ καιρὸς
 Πού ἦτον ὁ κᾶθεὶς δειλὸς,
 Ὅλοι τώρα ἅς ὁμοιάσουν
 Τοὺς βαρβάρους νὰ δαμάσουν.
 Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
 Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

ε'.

Μὴν τὸν μετράτε παντελῶς
 Τὸν τυράννον, γιάτ' εἶν δειλὸς,
 Κτοπάτε, μὴ σᾶς μέλη,
 Μὲ τὰ τρομερά σας βέλη.
 Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
 Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

3.

In man's, and boy's, and woman's hand,
Shall blaze your country's vengeance-brand !
Your kindred's feats to mind recall,
And fearless on the tyrants fall !
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore !

4.

Time rolls :—Fear once your minds appall'd,
Basely before your lords ye crawl'd :
Now feel ye man's most sacred right,
Humble the tyrants in the fight.
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore !

5.

Deign not to court the Moslem-crew,
There fear displays its pallid hue.
Let's smite ! and be the tyrant's heart
The aim of each unerring dart.
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore !

ε'.

Γραικοί, ἀδέλφια Χριστιανοί,
 Ὅλοι ζωσθῆτε τὸ σπαθί,
 Κί' ἐλαῖτε θυμωμένοι
 Καιρὸς δὲν σᾶς προσμένει.
 Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
 Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

ζ.

Γιατὶ νὰ χάνωμεν Γραικοί
 Πατρίδά μας καὶ τὴν ζωὴν,
 Ὅδεκα μουσουλμάνους
 Ψεύσας μαωμεθάνους;
 Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
 Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

ή.

Μὴν ὑποφέρετε ζυγὸν
 Βαρβάρων τῶν Ἀγαρινῶν!
 Πάρτε τ' ἄρματα κί' ἐλαῖτε,
 Τοὺς τυράννους νὰ νικᾶτε.
 Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
 Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

6.

Greeks,—friends who have in Christ a pledge
Of faith, who well your falchions edge,
Avail yourselves of fortune's day,
And Moslem shall his outrage pay.
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore.

7.

Ne'er be it true, e'en for a while,
That Moslem's false and dwindling file
Should prove the conqueror in the strife,
The lords of Greece, and of your life !
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore.

8.

And shall again your Moslem-foes
On you the tyrant-yoke impose,—
The yoke by heaven and earth abhorr'd ?
No,—trample on the Turkish lord.
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore.

θ'.

Τῆς Ῥούμελης καὶ τοῦ Μωριά
Ὅλοι ζωσθῆτε τὰ σπαθιά,
Νησιῶται ἀνδρειωμένοι
Καιρὸς δὲν σᾶς προσμένει.
Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

ί.

Νὰ ἁλευθερώσωμεν παιδιὰ,
Γῆν μας Ἑλλάδα τὴν λαμπράν,
Στοὺς Τούρκους ἅς διχθῶμεν
Πῶς πάντα ἡμεῖς νικῶμεν.
Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

9.

Morea's sons, and Rumely's,
Ye children of the Isles of Greece,
Avail yourselves of fortune's day,
Seize on the foe, your destin'd prey!
On, brotherhood of gun,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore.

10.

Greece shall inhale of Freedom's breath;
The balm,—thy children wear its wreath;
Let's prove unto the Indian hand,
The God of Greece is Victory's hand!
On, brotherhood of gun,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore.

Θ'.

α.

ΤΙ' καρτερεῖτε φίλοι καὶ ἀδελφοί,
Καὶ δὲν κινεῖτε γλῶσσαν, καρδιάν, σπαθί;
Ἴδου καιρὸς μᾶς ἔφθασεν
Ἡμέρα δόξης ἔλαμψεν,
Λοιπὸν ὁμῶτε, καὶ σπαθιά
Γυμνῶτε διὰ τὴν πατρίδα.

β'.

Σκλάβοι σεῖς πλέον μὴν καταδέχεσθε
Μήτε νὰ ἦτε, μήτε νὰ λέγεσθε,
Ἐλεύθερα φρονήσατε
Ἀνδρείως πολεμήσατε,
Καὶ τ' ἄρματά σας δράξατε
Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξατε.

IX.

1.

BROTHERS of sorrow, rouse from your trance, rejoice,
Consonant move your heart, sword, and voice ;
The hour is come : through the dense night
The day of joy beams on our sight.
Unsheath your sword, to rest betray'd,
For Hellas wield your blade !

2.

Lit is the torch of Freedom and Faith in our land,
Slavery's name shall Hellas ne'er brand ;
Freedom proclaim ! your fetters riven,
Brave the foe, and trust in Heaven :
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

γ'.

Ὁ Ἀχιλέας, κί ὁ μέγας Ἡρακλῆς,
 Ἐπαμινῶνδας, κί ὁ Θεμιστοκλῆς
 Δικοί μας εἶναι πρόγονοι
 Κί ἡμεῖς αὐτῶν ἀπόγονοι.
 Λοιπὸν ὁμῶτε, τὰ σπαθιά
 Γυμνῶτε διὰ τὴν πατρίδα.

δ'.

Τούτῃν τὴν φήμην καὶ τὴν παληκαριὰν,
 Γνωσῶν, ἀνδρεῖαν καὶ γενναιοκαρδίαν
 Ἄς μιμηθῶμεν ὅλοι μας,
 Παιδιὰ λαμπρῶν προγόνων μας.
 Καὶ τ' ἄρματα ἅς ὀδράζωμεν
 Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράζωμεν.

ε'.

Πατρίς μας κράζει, δεῦτε ἅς δράμωμεν,
 Σάλπιγξ φωνάζει, νίκας ἅς κάμωμεν.
 Ὡς αἵ τοι ἅς πετάζωμεν
 Ζυγὸν ἀποτεινάζωμεν.
 Λοιπὸν ὁμῶτε, καὶ σπαθιά
 Γυμνῶτε διὰ τὴν πατρίδα.

3.

Epaminondas, Pelëus' mighty son,
He who the day at Salamis won,—
Bear witness, world, from them we trace
The glorious line of Hellen-race.
Unsheathe your sword, to rest betray'd,
For Hellas wield your blade !

4.

Loud be their valour's generous sense reveal'd !
By patrimonial lustre seal'd ;
Tread in their steps, and bid them all
Their warlike memory recall.
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

5.

Hear ye the call of Hellas, her Christian votes ?
Sounds the shrill bugle, victory's notes ?
The yoke is riven ;—Swift, on your prey,
Like eagles cross the liquid way.
Unsheathe your sword, to rest betray'd,
For Hellas wield your blade !

ε'.

Ναὶ παμφιλτάτῃ Ἑλλάς, πατρίδα μας,
 Ἴδου τὸν ζῆλον καὶ προθυμίαν μας.
 Γυμνὰ σπαθιά βατάζομεν
 Κί ὅλ ὁμοφώνως κράζομεν:
 Νὰ ζῇ, νὰ ζῇ, καὶ τρεῖς νὰ ζῇ
 Πίσις, πατρίς, καὶ τὸ Γένος.

ζ'.

Ὡ Ἑλλαδίται, ἄνδρες ἀληθινοὶ
 Καὶ Ῥουμελιῶται ἥρωες ξακουτοί,
 Ἀρματωθῶμεν ὅλοι μὰς
 Ἐκδικηθῶμεν μόνοι μας
 Καὶ τ' ἄρματα ἅς δράζωμεν
 Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράζωμεν.

ή'.

Ὡ Ἀλβανίται ἄνδρες ἐλεύθεροι
 Καὶ Ἡπειρῶται οἱ εὐγενέστεροι,
 Τοῦ Πύρρον οἱ ἀπόγονοι
 Ὁρμήσατε ὁμόφωνοι.
 Καὶ τ' ἄρματά σας δράξατε,
 Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξατε.

6.

Land that contains the marvels of old, reveal,—
Burns not each breast with holiest zeal?
The sword is drawn by every one;
And all exclaim in unison,—
Flourish the Trinity, our creed,
Our country, and our seed.

7.

Macedon's flower and Rumely's offspring claim,
Brave Chimariot, the conqueror's fame!
To arms! to arms! be all in arms;
Revenge each Grecian bosom warms.
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

8.

Men of Epirus, Acroceraunium wild,
Liberty's son, Albania's child!
From Pyrrhus date your source of life,
Unanimous begin the strife.
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

ε'.

Ναὶ παμφιλτάτη Ἑλλάς, πατρίδα μας,
 Ἴδου τὸν ζῆλον καὶ προθυμίαν μας.
 Γυμνὰ σπαθιά βασιάζομεν
 Κί ὅλ ὁμωφώνως κράζωμεν:
 Νὰ ζῇ, νὰ ζῇ, καὶ τρεῖς νὰ ζῇ
 Πίσις, πατρίς, καὶ τὸ Γένος.

ζ'.

ὦ Ἑλλαδίται, ἄνδρες ἀληθινοὶ
 Καὶ Ρουμελιῶται ἥρωες ξακουστοί,
 Ἀρματωθῶμεν ὅλοι μὰς
 Ἐκδικηθῶμεν μόνοι μας
 Καὶ τ' ἄρματα ἅς δράζωμεν
 Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράζωμεν.

ή'.

ὦ Ἀλβανίται ἄνδρες ἐλεύθεροι
 Καὶ Ἡπειρῶται οἱ εὐγενέστεροι,
 Τοῦ Πύρρου οἱ ἀπόγονοι
 Ὁρμήσατε ὁμόφωνοι.
 Καὶ τ' ἄρματά σας δράξατε,
 Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξατε.

θ'.

Ὦ τοῦ Ἀιγαίου παλάγου κάτοικοι
 Τῶν ἀθανάτων Γραικῶν οἱ ἄποικοι,
 Ξυπνήσατε ὀγλήγορα
 Μιὰν ὥραν σεῖς πρωτῆτερα.
 Καὶ τ' ἄρματά σας δράξατε
 Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξατε.

ι.

Ὦ Ὑδριῶται καὶ σεῖς οἱ Ψαριανοὶ
 Ἄνδρες Σπεζιῶται καὶ ἐπίλοιποι Γραικοί,
 Σ τὰ πλοία σας ὀρμήσατε
 Τυράννους ἀφανήσατε.
 Καὶ τ' ἄρματά σας δράξατε
 Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξατε.

ια.

Ὦ Μωραῖται Ἑλλήνων ἀδελφοί
 Καὶ Σπαρτιάται Ἡρώων κορυφή,
 Ἐνθυμηθεῖτε φίλοι μου
 Πῶς εἴσθε τῶρ οἱ σύλοί μου.
 Καὶ τ' ἄρματά σας δράξατε
 Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξατε.

9.

Glorious Grecian colonies! ocean smiles
Gently around ye, Ægean Isles!
Awake thou world nursed on the deep,
A minute sooner from thy sleep.
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

10.

Children of Spezia, ye who in Psara dwell,
Ye Hydriots—blest with no well,
Hoist your white sails, hurl from on board
Destruction on the tyrant-horde.
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

11.

Heart-kindred brothers, sons of the Chersonese,
Boast of the warlike Peloponnese,
Come, brave Maniotes, with Moslem cope,
Ye are my pillars, ye are my hope.
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

ιβ'.

ὦ ἄνδρες Κρίτες, καὶ ἄξιοι Σφακιανοί,
 Τουρκῶν ὁ τρόμος, κὶ ἐχθροὶ παντοτεινοί,
 Ἡ Ἀθηνᾶ ἀνέτειλε
 Κὶ ἐλευθερίαν ἔπειλε.
 Λοιπὸν ὁμώσε, καὶ σπαθιὰ
 Γυμνώσε διὰ τὴν πατρίδα.

ιγ'.

Ἐχετε Δία τὸν τοῦ θεοῦ υἱόν,
 Καὶ ἄλλον Ἄρην τὸν τίμιον σαυρόν.
 Διατὶ λοιπὸν προσμένετε
 Ἴδοῦ ἡ νίκη φαίνεται.
 Λοιπὸν τουφέκια καὶ σπαθιὰ
 Ἀδράξατε διὰ τὴν πατρίδα.

ιδ'.

Ἄντὸς δοξάζει τοὺς ὑπηκόους τοῦ
 Κ' ἀντιβραβεύει μόνος καὶ μόνος τοῦ,
 Τοὺς εὐσεβεῖς δοξάζοντας,
 Καὶ τοὺς τυράννους ἀφάζοντας.
 Λοιπὸν τουφέκια καὶ σπαθιὰ
 Ἀδράξατε διὰ τὴν πατρίδα.

12.

War-child of Crete and Spakia, flash the spear,
Osman's eternal enemy, and hear,
Minerva with her ægis bound,
Diffuses freedom's glow around ;—
Unsheath your sword, to rest betray'd,
For Hellas wield your blade.

13.

Once through the ranks stalk'd Ares and Jove ; now shine
God and his Son's mysterious sign :
Then why yet stay, and why delay,
When nearly you have gain'd the day ?
Unsheath your sword, to rest betray'd,
For Hellas wield your blade.

14.

Glory awaits the followers of the Lord,
'Tis they alone shall find reward ;
His thunderbolts o'er Moslem roll,
Add courage to each pious soul :—
Unsheath your sword, to rest betray'd,
For Hellas wield your blade.

.ιέ.

Πίσιν, πατρίδα ἐλευθερώσωμεν
Καὶ τοὺς τυράννους ὅλους σκοτόσωμεν.
Και τὰ βραβεῖ' ἅς λάβωμεν
Τῆς νίκης, κί ἀνακράζωμεν:
Νὰ ζῇ, νὰ ζῇ καὶ τρεῖς νὰ ζῇ,
Πίσις, πατρίς καὶ τὸ γένος.

15.

O'ergorged tyrants now shall resign their breath,
Free be our country, free be our faith !
Come, snatch of victory the prize,
To Heaven send the conqueror's cries :—
Flourish the Trinity, our creed,
Our country, and our seed.

Ι'.

ά.

ὦ ΤΟΥ γένους τῶν Ἑλλήνων

Προπατόρων μας ἐκείνων

Δεῦτε παῖδες ἀληθείς.

Τῆς πατρίδος τὰς ἀλύσσας

Ἄς συντρίψῃ ὁ καθεὶς.

Ἐφθασεν ὁ καιρὸς,

Νὰ λείψῃ ὁ ζυγός.

Ἐλεύθερα νὰ ζῶμεν

Νὰ τρίμῃ κάθ' ἐχθρός.

β'.

Νὰ μὴν εἴμεθα πλεὰ σκλάβοι,

Ἐπειδὴ καὶ τοῦτο βλάβει,

Ἄς προδράμῃ ὁ καθεὶς

Τοὺς τυράννους μὴ ψηφᾶτε

ὦ Γραικοὶ φιλογενεῖς.

γ'.

Ἐπειδὴ πλέον δὲν εἶναι

Οἱ τυράννοί μας ἐκείνοι

Νὰ τρομάζουν τοὺς Γραικοὺς.

Ἀχλά τώρα μεταβάλλῃ

Ἡ δειλία πρὸς αὐτούς.

X.

1.

OFFSPRING of the Grecian line,
Ye who from that source divine
Trace the blood that swells your veins ;
Burst, a patriotic band,
Burst the fetters of your land.

The slavish yoke is rent,
That long our neck has bent :
Free let us live or die,
Fear'd by each enemy.

2.

Slavery shall forget her chain,
Greece her liberty regain,—
Whirl in might your scimitar.
If a Greek yourself you style,
On! despise the tyrant-file.

3.

Terror daunts each Moslem breast ;
Victory sits not on his crest ;
And the Greeks no longer fear.
Ruin-wrought panic changes side,
Towards us rushes Triumph's tide.

δ'.

Καὶ δὲν μὲν' ἀμφιβολία
 Ὅτι ἡ Ἐλευθερία
 Μᾶς ἐδόθη ἐκ θεοῦ,
 Διὰ τὰ λάμψη τοῦ ταυροῦμας
 Ἡ σημαία παντεχοῦ.

ε'.

Κί' ἔτ'ζι τῶρ' ἄς προσπαθίσῃ
 Ὅ καθεὶς κ' ἄς μὴν ψηφίσῃ
 Τὴν ζωὴν του παντελῶς.
 Ἀλλὰ τὴν Ἐλευθερίαν
 Ἄς ζητήσωμεν κοινῶς.

ς'.

Ν' ἀποδείξωμ' ὁμοφώνως
 Ὅτι τοῦτος εἶν' ὁ χρόνος,
 Ὅπου μέλλει τὰ δειχθῇ
 Ἡ ἀνδρεία τῶν Ἑλλήνων,
 Καὶ ἡ νίκη ἡ φρικτή.

ζ'.

Εἰς τοὺς χίλιους ὀκτακόσιους
 Εἴκοσ' ἕναν λέγω τόσους
 Ἀπὸ ἔτος Χριστιανῶν,
 Μέγα θαῦμα τοῦτ' ἐσάθη
 Διὰ ὅλων τῶν πιτῶν.

4.

Thou, celestial Liberty,
 (Doubt alone were blasphemy)
 Art our Heavenly Father's gift :
 Blaze around the Christian's meed,
 Sacred emblem of our creed !

5.

Why then heave a doubtful breath ?
 Is it from the dread of death ?
 Gain your life, condemning it ;
 Let us for our native right,
 Let us all for freedom fight.

6.

Now your ancient valour prove,
 Gather from your country's love
 Hero-strength and energy.
 'Tis this circling year must tell
 If the Grecian host fight well.

7.

Of the nineteenth century
 Since our Lord did live and die,
 In the year of twenty-one,
 Mighty wonders shall insure
 Those who live in Christ secure.

ή.

Μὲ τὴν δύναμιν τὴν θείαν
 Ἐνικήθη ἡ αἰτία
 Καὶ σπαράτει τοὺς ἐχθρούς.
 Ποίαν δόξαν πρὸς τὸ γένος
 Ποίαν φήμην ἔς τοὺς Γραικούς!

θ'.

Ἐστωντας ἐλευθερίαν
 Χωρὶς δύναμιν κᾶμμίαν
 Μὲ τὰ τέκνά σου ζητεῖς.
 Τὸ θαυμάζει κάθε γένος
 Τέτοιον πρᾶγμα νὰ ποθῇς.

ί.

Καὶ μὲ σέβας τὸ θωροῦν
 Ὅσα ἔθνη κατοικοῦν
 Ὡς τὴν Εὐρώπην γενικῶς,
 Λέγωντας: ἐξαναφάνει
 Ὁ αἰὼν Ἑλληνικός.

ιά.

Καὶ μεγάλ' ἐτοιμασίαν
 Ὅλοι κάμνουσι μὲ βίαν
 Διὰ τοῦτο ποῦ ζητᾶς,
 Στεφάνους χρυσοῦς νὰ τεῖλουν
 Πρὸς τὰ τέκνα σοῦ Ἑλλάς.

8.

By the Lord's help-lending arm,
Broken is the Moslem charm,
And destroy'd Christ's fellest foe.
Greeks, we've gain'd the glorious crown,
Everlasting our renown. /

9.

With their native swords and ranks,
Unassisted by the Franks,
Now for freedom fight the Greeks :
Nations in amaze behold
Hellas' sons like Greeks of old.

10.

Europe's noble children saw
With a sacred reverend awe
Their bold exploits, their daring feats ;—
Every where the question 's heard,
Is the Grecian age restored ?

11.

Greece, to thee they all award
Victory's crown thy due reward ;
To thy conquering children send,
As a token of their love,
Chaplets, Europe's daughters wove.

ιβ'.

Πλέον δὲν εἰν' ἀμφιβολία

Ὅτι ἡ ἐλευθερία

Τῆς Γραικίας εἰν' πλατὴ

Εἶναι προσαγῇ Χριστοῦμας

Κι' ἀμετάτρες' εἰν' αὐτή.

ιγ'.

Χαίρε ρίζα τῆς ἀνδρείας

Καὶ πηγὴ πάσης σοφίας

Δὲν εἰν' πλέον μυστικὴ

Ὅτι μέλλει νὰ θριαμβέσῃ

Εἶναι γνώμη γενική.

ιδ'.

Καὶ τὰ τέκνασον μὲ βίαν

Ἐχωντας μὲ προθυμίαν

Δι' ἐσένα νὰ χαθοῦν,

Περὶ πίσιν καὶ πατρίδα

Τὴν ζωὴν τοὺς δὲν ψηφοῦν.

ιε'.

Ὅλοι κράζουν ὁμοφώνως

Ὅτι τοῦτος εἰν' ὁ χρόνος,

Καὶ φωνάζουν, ζήτω τρεῖς

Νὰ νικήσῃ τὸ μᾶς γένος

Πίσίς μας καὶ ἡ πατρίς.

Ἐφθασεν, κ. τ. λ.

12.

Hearken to what I proclaim,—
Slavery is but a name :
Let no doubt your spirits cloud ;
Christ ordains that Greece be free,
Who withstands our Lord's decree ?

13.

To the Cross success shall cling ;
Hail thee, Hellas, sacred spring !
Hail thee, root of valour's bloom !
Ours is the glorious day,
Triumph sits on our array.

14.

Rolls the torrent's might along ?
No,—it is the warlike throng,
Speeding to the camp of fame ;
For their country, for their faith,
Prompt to lavish all their breath.

15.

Hark ! the joyous chorus cry
Rends in unison the sky :
“ Threefold is the bliss I seek,
For my country's weal I bleed,
For my native land, my creed ! ”
The slavish, &c.





N O T E S.



Page 13. [A] This is an appellation of fondness in common use amongst the Greeks.

Page 83. [B] The parting injunction of the Spartan mothers to their sons when going to battle,—“to preserve their shield, or return stretched lifeless upon it.”

THE END.

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